

The Sketch



No. 652.—VOL. LI.

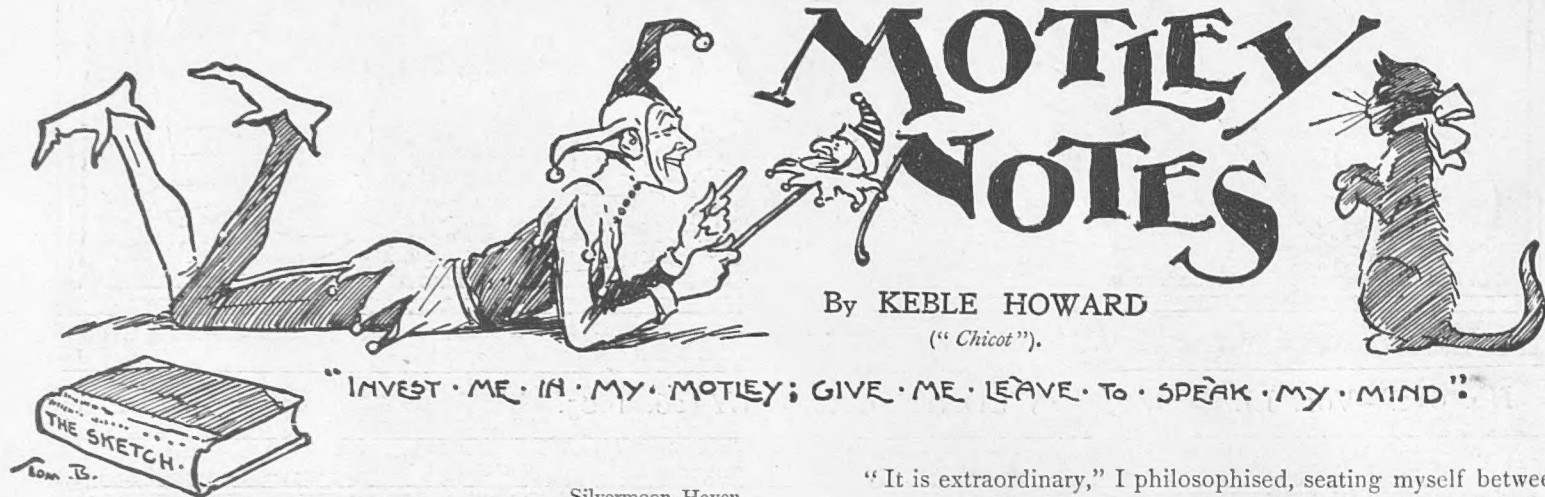
WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



MR. BALFOUR INDULGING IN A PURSUIT FOR WHICH HE MAY SOON HAVE MORE TIME: THE PREMIER LEAVING HIS OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, 10, DOWNING STREET, FOR A MOTOR-DRIVE.

Like many another statesman, Mr. Arthur Balfour soon realised the possibilities of the automobile, and he has now been a motorist for some five years, gaining his first experience on a $4\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. De Dion. He may even, perhaps, be called an ardent motorist, for he has not been content to keep to his first love so far as speed is concerned, and the horse-power of his cars has increased with each new purchase.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

Silvermoon Haven.

THE news of the defeat of the Government reached Silvermoon Haven at half-past ten on Friday morning. As a matter of fact, I, who now write these words, was the bearer of that news. You see, we are dependent for our newspapers on a quite well-meaning, persevering gentleman who carries a canvas bag on his back and rides a solid-tired safety-bicycle. As he was at some pains to explain to me when I first had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, it is by no means an easy job for one man to supply a district of four square miles, even though some of the customers are good enough to come part of the way to meet him. I take the hint daily, and ride a mile up the road to meet the gentleman with the precious canvas bag. Others, less enthusiastic, hang about by the local post-office, whilst the majority lie out on the beach, stare across the Channel, and, in their sun-steeped somnolence, utterly forget the existence of the country to which they belong and must ultimately return. Well, Friday morning found Silvermoon Haven in a state of sluggish indifference. There was not a sound to be heard either on land or sea. Everybody knew that it was going to be a sweltering, breathless day, and there was not even one person, save myself alone, waiting at the post-office for the man with the canvas bag. Alone, therefore, I bore the shock of the historic head-lines: "DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.—MINORITY OF THREE."

The first idler to whom I communicated the startling intelligence was a stout little man in striped flannels who arrived at the Haven on the same day as myself. By some inexplicable process, he has contrived, in so short a time, to acquire the complexion of a Gipsy, the only clue to his original colour being on the bridge of his nose, where the pince-nez afford complete protection. When I came across him, he was lying on his back in the full glare of the sun, with his eyes shut and his mouth open. The general picture did not reflect with any marked degree of satisfaction on the dignity of the human animal. Indeed, it is a singular fact that Man is the only animal that looks at its worst whilst sleeping. More of this, however, at another time.

I touched the stout little man with my foot, exclaiming as I did so, "Hi! The Government's been defeated!"

He awoke with a start, sat up, and stared out to sea. This was interesting, since it clearly indicated the latent fear of invasion lurking in the breast of the town-dwelling Englishman.

"I thought you would like to know," I repeated, "that the Government last night found themselves in a minority of three."

"Government?" he muttered, peevishly. "Wha' Government?"

"Our Government. The British Government. It's most important. Don't you realise it?"

"No," said the little man, as he lay down again, "and don't want to."

I left him snoring, and approached a large family-party further along the beach. The younger members were paddling, and the elder ones were waiting for the tide to come up before plunging into the smooth sea for their morning swim.

"Good-morning," I said, raising my hat. "You will be interested to hear that the Government were unexpectedly defeated last night by three votes."

The eldest girl—a handsome brunette attired in a bathing-dress and a loose wrap—laughed lazily. "What fun!" she said. "Aren't you going to bathe this morning?"

"But," I protested, "you don't understand the importance of my news. Shall I wake your father?"

"No!" cried the family in chorus, and one of the sons urged me to dry up, and sit down, and stick the rotten paper on a walking-stick so that he might shy stones at it.

"It is extraordinary," I philosophised, seating myself between the brunette and her blonde sister, "to what depths of lethargy the human intellect can sink under the influence of—"

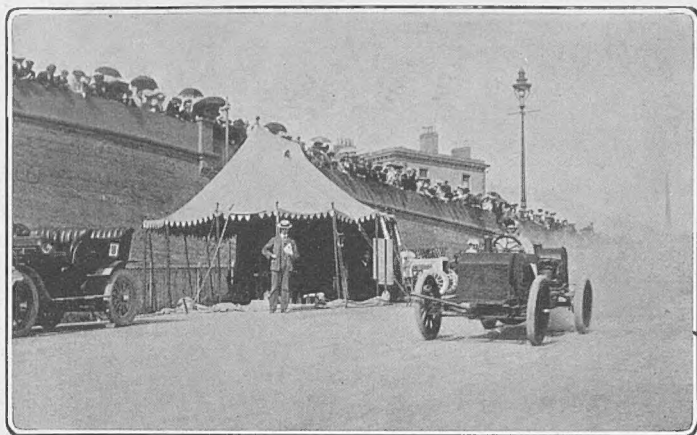
"Oh, shut it!" cried the family, and the brunette proceeded to tell me what she had had for breakfast, and what they were going to have for dinner.

I am quite aware that the picture I have drawn of life at Silvermoon Haven is a dull one, not to say a trifle repulsive. Yet you would not, I feel sure, have me reproduce our neutral-tinted existence in riotous colours. True, I might speak of the beach at high noon, alive with gay bathing-costumes, and bright parasols, and laughing, splashing nymphs. I might enlarge upon the shipping in the Channel, and the moonlight parade, and the flash of cycles, and the buzz of motors, and the popping of corks, and the rest of the ridiculous nonsense. But I prefer to tell you, simply and honestly, that our day is made up of eating, sleeping, and lolling in the sun. There may possibly be one or two gay bathing-costumes, yet they look anything but gay when they come out of the water. There may be a red parasol or two, but what are they among so many black umbrellas? The girls who bathe may laugh when they cut their feet on the sharp pebbles, but no writer with a conscience would force himself to refer to them as nymphs. The ships in the Channel are too far away to be in the least interesting; there is no parade, moonlit or otherwise; such cycles as we happen to possess are long past the flashing period; the motors that penetrate hither are public vehicles, and so old and weary that they frequently break down and have to be wheeled sadly back whence they came; the corks don't pop, because, for the sake of economy, we drink our beer out of barrels. There's a guide-book for you. It only remains to add that we are all perfectly well, and only too willing to remain in our condition of lethargy.

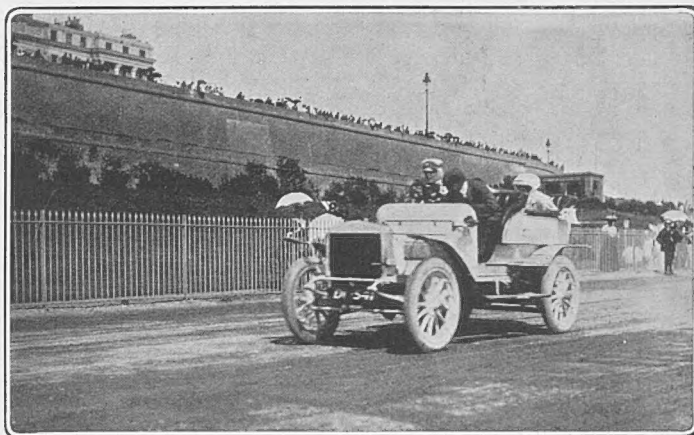
P.S.—All the weighing-machines are broken, and the "Try Your Strength" toy lies, a shapeless mass, on a piece of waste ground half-a-mile from the place where it was originally set up.

The truth of the matter is that we don't want excitements. Yet, if excitements are thrust in our way, we are able to take full advantage of them. Last Saturday, for example, a memorable thing occurred. Into the midst of this Camp of Sloth came suddenly all the delights of a country fair—Galloping Horses, Swing-Boats, a Shooting Gallery, Sweet Stalls, Three-Shies-a-Penny, and a Coconut Alley. Well, I am proud to say that Silvermoon Haven rose to the possibilities of an orgie without the delay of an instant. The Galloping Horses never went riderless so long as the siren shrieked and the hurdy-gurdy besought one raucously to take a glass of port wine down by the "Old Bull and Bush." There was nobody, I think, young or old, stout or thin, who did not have at least six rides on the Galloping Horses. There may have been a little shyness, just at first, among the older members of the party, but they soon took to the exercise gravely—far more gravely, indeed, than the children. I saw the stout little man in the striped flannels going round and round, up and down, with a serious face that betokened absolute lack of self-consciousness. He was all by himself, and he rode an inside horse—perhaps from motives of safety. There was a stout matron, too, in a blue serge coat and skirt. She was majestic, if you like. It was easy to tell that, in earlier life, she had been accustomed to ride the real, live animal. No duchess in the Row, I am sure, could have looked more stately and imposing. As for my friends the Large Family, they must have spent all their pocket-money for weeks and weeks. Some were on the Galloping Horses, some were in the Swing-Boats, some were breaking the glass bottles, and some were throwing at the cocoanuts. . . . By one o'clock on Sunday morning it was all over. The Delights were gone, and Silvermoon Haven was sleeping more soundly than ever.

HORSE-POWER AND HORSEFLESH.



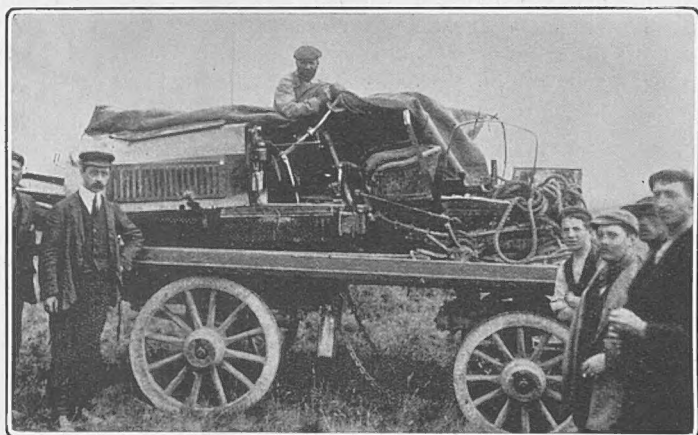
MISS DOROTHY LEVITT DRIVING AN 80 H.-P. NAPIER AT 78½ MILES AN HOUR IN THE FLYING KILOMÈTRE.



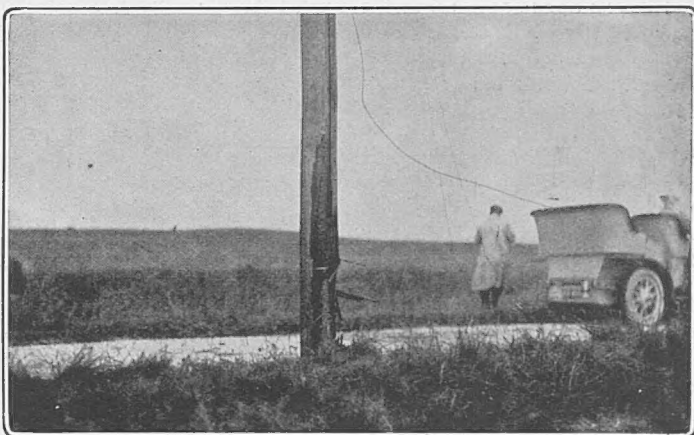
MRS. MAUD MANVILLE BEATING THE HON. JOHN SCOTT MONTAGU IN THE RACE FOR 35 H.-P. DAIMLERS.

FAIR WORSHIPPERS OF THE GOD OF SPEED: LADY COMPETITORS AT THE BRIGHTON MOTOR-MEETING.

Mrs. Maud Manville, driving a 35 h.-p. Daimler, started at scratch in the Ladies' Handicap, and disputed the Final with Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, who drove a 30 h.-p. Daimler and received 18 seconds. She was beaten by 10 seconds. In the race for 35 h.-p. Daimlers she beat the Hon. John Scott Montagu by 4 4/5 seconds. Miss Claudia Lasell could not fulfil her engagement to drive a 90 h.-p. Mercedes during the meeting, owing to the fact that the third speed of her car was broken before the race. Miss Dorothy Levitt made her début on a racing-car in the Flying Kilometre against the watch. She drove an 80 h.-p. Napier, and was placed fourth, with an average speed of 77½ miles an hour.



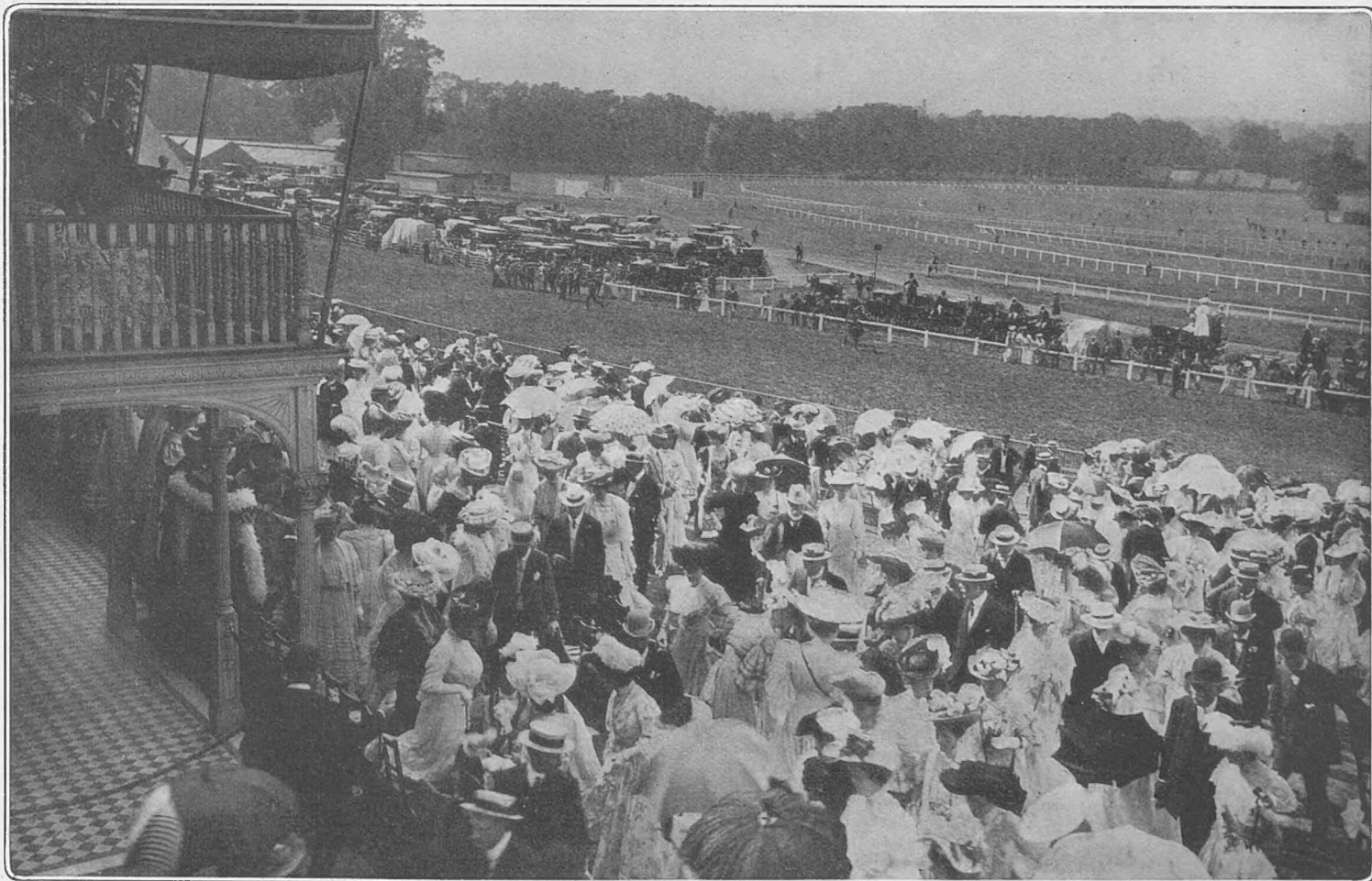
THE WRECK OF THE 80 H.-P. NAPIER.



THE TELEGRAPH-POLE AFTER THE COLLISION.

A SACRIFICE TO THE GOD OF SPEED: THE DISASTROUS MOTOR-ACCIDENT NEAR BRIGHTON.

On Friday of last week an 80 h.-p. Napier, which was being driven along the Brighton-Newhaven road near Rottingdean by Mr. Arthur Brown, of Luton, suddenly, and for some reason not yet fully explained, collided violently with a telegraph-pole. The chauffeur, William Wilson Collins, was killed instantaneously, and Mr. Brown was very seriously injured.



THE ECLIPSE STAKES: THE SCENE ON THE LAWN IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL BOX AT THE SANDOWN PARK MEETING, 1905.

The King motored down to Sandown Park to see the Eclipse Stakes, accompanied by the Duke of Sparta and Captain Holford. Val d'Or's win was a matter for considerable surprise on the part of many present at the meeting, and the betting on the race read: "13 to 8 on Cicero; 3 to 1 against Val d'Or."

THE CLUBMAN.

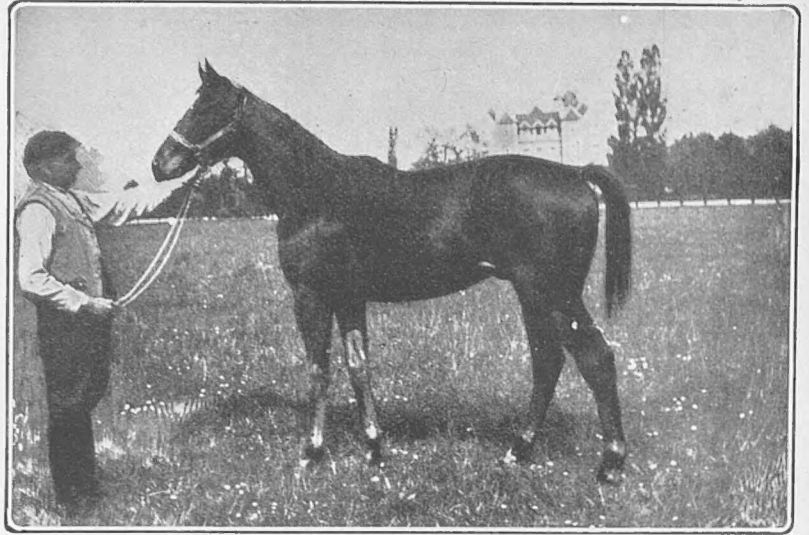
The Heat-Wave in New York—A Typical Day's Experiences of One.

WHEN the weather is hot in London, and I sigh for broad verandahs and darkened rooms and sensible clothes and electric-fans, I generally pacify myself by thinking that London is uncomfortable in heat, but that New York is worse, and end by congratulating myself on being on the cool side of the Atlantic. I was in New York once for ten days during a heat-wave, and it was an experience I do not want to repeat. It was in my days of subalternhood, when I had very little money and a great deal of leave, and managed to see most of the uttermost parts of the earth and see them extremely cheaply.

The hotel I stayed at was "down town," somewhere in Broadway between Madison Gardens and the Fort. I was not a "star" boarder, and because my rate for board and lodging was low my room was very high up. It got the morning sun; but I required no sun to wake me. The air never grew cool. A clammy, uncomfortable, strength-sapping heat it was, and if a breeze stirred it only seemed to bring a wave of hotter air. Everybody took up to his or her bedroom at night a jug-full of water with plenty of ice in it, and I always drank my jug dry before daylight.

With the coming of dawn I used to get up and hang well out of window and watch New York come to life. The earliest on his rounds was the man with the ice-waggon, who put down on the door-step of each house a block of ice. In America they understand thoroughly, as our people do in the East, that ice during hot weather is not a luxury, but a necessity. We in London have not yet thoroughly grasped this, and in places where refreshments, solid and liquid, alcoholic and non-alcoholic, are sold, it is by no means a certainty that every bottle of soda-water or glass of beer will be stone-cold, as it is in the smallest wayside canteen in America.

A cold bath was one of the few pleasant incidents of the hot morning, and after it I used to make a great descent in the lift and wait patiently until one of the chairs of the boot-cleaners in the basement was vacant. He got his "quarter," and then I had to face the black gentleman in irreproachable white clothes who served me with breakfast. He shone as if



THE WINNER OF THE ECLIPSE STAKES: M. BLANC'S "VAL D'OR," WHICH BEAT THE FAVOURITE, LORD ROSEBERY'S "CICERO."

Lord Rosebery's "Cicero" was the favourite for the Eclipse Stakes, the betting before the racing being 13 to 8 on "Cicero" and 3 to 1 against "Val d'Or"; but Lord Rosebery's nomination disappointed its backers by coming in second. The King was present.

Photograph by Tresca.

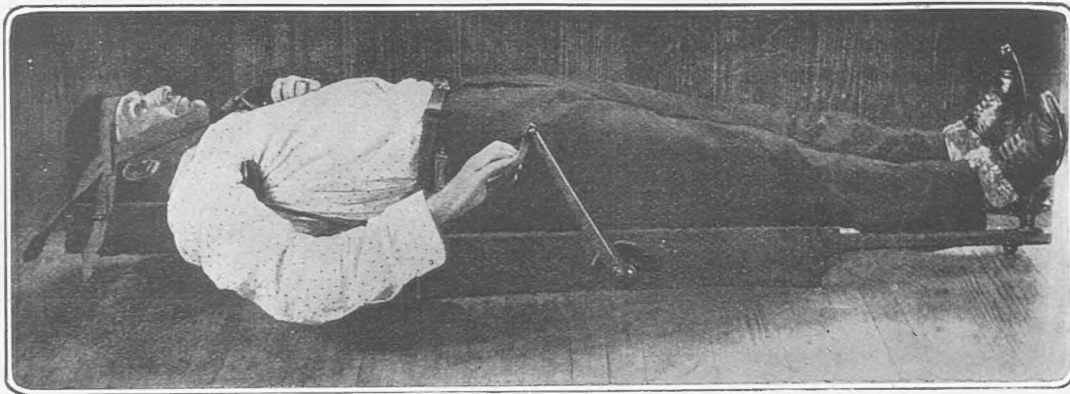
with oil, and he didn't much care whether I had breakfast or not. The bill-of-fare was of tremendous length, but it seemed to me that all things tasted very much alike, and a bit of dry fish, some scrambled eggs, and a cob of green corn was generally my final selection.

Then came the choice of my amusement for the day. I had nothing to do except to see the sights, and my intention was to go daily to some new point of interest up the river or on one of the islands; but when I sat down in one of the cane-chairs near the great fan which spun in the centre of the hall, I felt that I did not

want to do anything. It was only ten o'clock, but all the energy was out of me for the day. I generally made up my mind eventually to go on a steamship trip. There were day-excursions down to Sandy Hook, with a little cruise to watch incoming and outgoing ships, and as often as not I went on one of these in company with about a thousand pale New Yorkers driven from their desks by the heat. Rough sandwiches and cold Milwaukee beer was the lunch obtainable after a severe skirmish, but they both tasted good.

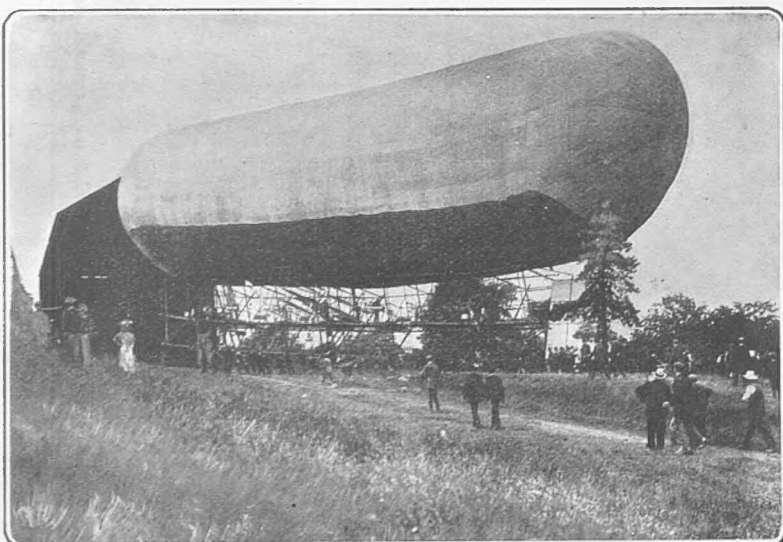
Or I went to Coney Island and spent an afternoon in the town of "side shows"; but I did not go on any of the long excursions I had planned to the notable places, and in the late afternoon I came back to a New York which always seemed to be a few degrees hotter than it had been the afternoon before. Chairs were outside every door, and exhausted people, in shirt-sleeves if they were men, sat in them. All the rush and the go seemed to have been steamed out of the city. Dinner was even more trying than breakfast. The negro waiter had grown oilier as the day had gone on, and his clothes looked as though he had slept the afternoon through in them. There were dishes innumerable on the bill-of-fare, but the soup was the only item which ever came to table hot, for all the other dishes were brought up with it and left to cool as the meal went on.

New York on a hot night has her roof-gardens as breathing-places. There was Shakspeare being played somewhere in the town, and one or two "stars" were playing summer engagements and defying the heat; but I wanted to go nowhere in the evening but to a roof-garden, where one could sit in the open air at a little table and suck something very long and cold, with fruit bobbing about in it, up through a straw, and occasionally get an echo of what was going on on the stage. How the New Yorkers defeat the smuts, which make a roof-garden an impossibility in London, I do not know; but they do in some way, and on a hot night the roof-gardens are very pleasant places in which to spend a couple of lazy hours. London in a heat-wave is not a pleasant town, but New York is far less pleasant.



WHAT VANITY CAN MAKE A MAN UNDERGO: A NEW "STRETCHER" FOR INCREASING THE HEIGHT WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY USED IN AMERICA.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



A DIRIGIBLE BALLOON CONSTRUCTED FOR THE BRITISH WAR OFFICE: THE BARTON-RAWSON AIRSHIP TESTED AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE, JULY 22.

The Barton-Rawson airship, specially designed to meet the requirements of the British military authorities, was tested publicly on Saturday last. The balloon, which is made of Tussore silk, is 180 feet in length, has a diameter of 40 feet, and a capacity of 200,000 cubic feet. The car, which is of bamboo, is 127 feet long, and the deck, which runs from end to end of this, is from 2 feet to 8 feet wide. The driving-power is supplied by two 50 horse-power Bucket motors, and it is steered by a rudder 18 feet high and 12 feet 6 inches long. In front of the bow and stern motors are movable aeroplanes by which the vessel is made to rise and fall as required. The total weight is about 14,000 pounds.

Photograph by Park.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

CHEAP TICKETS will be issued from certain London Stations as follows—

DESTINATION.	Days valid.	RETURN FARES.		
		1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
PARIS (via Calais or Boulogne)...	14	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
BRUSSELS (via Calais or Boulogne)...	8	58 4	37 6	30 0
Do. (via Ostend)...	8	48 4	34 2	22 11
AMSTERDAM...	8	38 0	27 3	18 4
THE HAGUE...	8	37 1	25 6	—
BOULOGNE...	8	32 10	22 5	—
Do. ...	3	21 0	—	12 6
Do. ...	8	30 0	25 0	17 10
CALAIS ...	17	40 0	30 0	20 0
Do. ...	3	22 6	—	14 0
OSTEND ...	8	31 6	26 6	20 6
LIÈGE EXHIBITION (via Calais) ...	8	28 9	20 3	13 8
Do. (via Ostend) ...	7	56 0	40 0	27 0
SCHEVENINGEN ...	7	45 6	33 0	22 6
	8	33 3	22 8	—

TICKETS AVAILABLE BY ANY TRAIN (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted) and for Return on August 7, 8, or 9, will be issued from LONDON to the undermentioned stations on August 4 and 5.

	RETURN FARES.				RETURN FARES.		
	1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.		1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
ASHFORD ...	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	MARGATE ...	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
BEXHILL ...	14 0	9 0	7 0	RAMSGATE ...	16 0	12 0	8 0
BROADSTAIRS ...	14 0	9 0	7 6	ST. LEONARDS ...	16 0	12 0	8 0
CANTERBURY ...	16 0	12 0	8 0	SANDGATE ...	14 0	10 6	8 0
DEAL ...	14 0	10 6	8 0	SANDLING JN. ...	17 6	12 6	9 0
DOVER ...	18 6	14 0	9 0	SANDWICH ...	17 6	12 6	9 0
FOLKESTONE ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	SHORNCLIFFE ...	18 6	14 0	9 0
HASTINGS ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	TUN. WELLS ...	17 6	12 6	9 0
HERNE BAY ...	14 0	10 6	8 0	WALMER ...	8 6	5 6	4 6
HYTHE ...	14 0	10 6	7 0	WESTGATE ...	18 6	14 0	9 0
LITTLESTONE ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	WHITSTABLE ...	16 0	12 0	8 0
	16 0	12 0	9 0		14 0	10 6	8 0

CRYSTAL PALACE on BANK HOLIDAY, Cheap Return Tickets (including Admission) will be issued from London.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
This Company's announcement will be found on page 1.

CARLSBAD AND MARIENBAD EXPRESS.
9 a.m. DAILY from Charing Cross. Through Cars without change from Ostend to Carlsbad. (Passengers for Marienbad change cars at Nuremberg.)

ENGADINE EXPRESS.—11 a.m. DAILY from Victoria. Through Cars without change from Calais to Coire; to Lucerne on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays; and to Berne and Interlaken on Mondays and Thursdays.

OBERLAND-LEMAN EXPRESS.—11 a.m. from Victoria on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Through Cars from Calais to Lausanne, Montreux, Berne, Interlaken, &c.

VICHY EXPRESS.—3.55 p.m. from Paris on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

AIX-LES-BAINS-SAVOY EXPRESS.—Daylight Service, 11.20 a.m. from Paris to Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, Geneva, and Evian, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

TROUVILLE EXPRESS.—3.50 p.m. DAILY from Paris. Saloon and Buffet Cars.

CABOURG EXPRESS.—3.50 p.m. DAILY from Paris. Saloon and Restaurant Cars.

NIGHTLY SLEEPING CARS, CALAIS to PARIS, 9 p.m. from CHARING CROSS. (PASSENGERS REMAIN IN CAR IN PARIS UNTIL 7.30 a.m.)

DAILY RESTAURANT CARS to PARIS in connection with 9 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. Trains from Charing Cross.

Time-Tables, Full Details, and all Tickets (which must be obtained in advance) from INTERNATIONAL SLEEPING CAR COMPANY, 20, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.

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Via HARWICH and ESBJERG,
By the Royal Danish Mail Steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen, thrice weekly.
Send post-card to the UNITED SHIPPING COY., Ltd., 108, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C., for descriptive illustrated pamphlet (free).

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Daily (Sundays included).

Send post-card to the Continental Manager, G.E.R., Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C., for descriptive illustrated pamphlet (free).

HAMBURG, in connection with the Great Eastern Railway via Harwich,
by the GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Fast Passenger Steamers *Hirondelle* and *Peregrine*, EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) by Continental Express at 8.40 p.m.
First Class, Single, 37s. 6d.; Second Class, Single, 25s. 0d.; Return (for two months), 56s. 3d. or 38s. 0d.
Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.
For particulars of the G.S.N. Co. combined Steamer, Rail, and Hotel Scandinavian Tours apply at 55, Great Tower Street, E.C.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
GOODWOOD RACES.—Fast Trains for Portsmouth, Southsea, and Isle of Wight, Week-days.

From	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria ...	6 20	10 30	11 35	1 42	3 55	...	4 55	7 22
*Kensington ...	6 8	10 16	11 16	1 26	3 35	...	4 27	6 53
London Bridge ...	6 35	10 25	11 35	1 50	4 0	4 55	5 0	7 18

The last Train runs to Portsmouth Town only. *Addison Road.
SATURDAY and MONDAY, JULY 29 and 31, SPECIAL TRAINS from VICTORIA, for Pulborough, Midhurst, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and to Portsmouth in connection with Steamers for the Isle of Wight.

SPECIAL RACE TRAINS.		Aug. 1, 2, 3, and 4.				
From		A	B	C	D	E
Victoria ...	a.m.	7 5	8 40	9 0	9 45	...
*Kensington ...	a.m.	6 57	8 9	8 40
London Bridge ...	a.m.	6 35	8 45	9 40

*Addison Road. A—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, 17s. 10d., 12s. 2d., 10s. 9d. B—To Singleton, Third Class Return Fare, 10s. 8d. C—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, First Class, 20s., Second Class, 15s. D—To Drayton and Chichester, First Class only, Return Fare, 25s. E—To Drayton and Chichester, First Class, 25s., Second Class, 20s.
Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

PARIS, ROUEN, AND DIEPPE, AUG. BANK HOLIDAY.—
14-DAY EXCURSIONS, via Newhaven, SATURDAY, Aug. 5, from Victoria 9.45 and 10 a.m., and 2.15 p.m. London Bridge 10 a.m. (First and Second Class), and Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 3 to 6, from Victoria and London Bridge 9.10 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class). Fares, Paris, 39s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s.; Rouen, 35s. 3d., 27s. 3d., 23s. 8d.; Dieppe, 32s., 25s., 20s.

DIEPPE, FRIDAY TO WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets from London Bridge and Victoria, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 4 to 7. Fares, by Day or Night Service (First and Second Class), 30s., 22s.; by Night Service only (Third Class), 16s.; available for return up to Aug. 9. Cheap Tickets to Dieppe and Rouen also issued July 27 to Aug. 3 for Normandy Fêtes.

First and Second Class Tickets are also issued by a Special Afternoon Service leaving Victoria 2.15 p.m.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

LONDON AND SUMMER HOLIDAYS.
SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.
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IN CONNECTION WITH
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FOR HEALTH, FOR PLEASURE.

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SEATON,
LYME REGIS,
WEYMOUTH,
BOURNEMOUTH,
SWANAGE,
SOUTHAMPTON,
SOUTHSEA,
ISLE OF WIGHT,

THE
SUNNY SOUTH
AND SOUTH-WEST,
DEVON, CORNWALL,
&c.

EXETER,
SIDMOUTH,
EXMOUTH,
TAVISTOCK,
BUDE,
PADSTOW,
LYNTON,
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SOMERSET, WILTS, GLOUCESTER, SURREY, &c.,
and to certain
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via Southampton, to the
CHANNEL ISLANDS and the
FRENCH COAST for PARIS,
NORMANDY, BRITTANY, &c.
CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

For full particulars see Programmes obtainable, together with "Free" Illustrated Guide, at the Company's London Offices; or from MR. HENRY HOLMES, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.

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QUICKEST TRAIN SERVICE LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, LIVERPOOL, AND MANCHESTER TO GLASGOW (CENTRAL).

ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAINS JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, 1905.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	A	B	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ... dep.	5 15	9 55	10 0	10 0	10 5	11 30	2 0	7 45	8 0	8 50	11 35	11 50	12 15	12 50
Edinburgh (Princes St.) arr.	3 0	6 10	6 15	7 55	10 30	6 40	7 35
Glasgow (Central) ...	3 0	...	6 15	7 55	10 20	6 25	...	7 50
Greenock ...	4 20	...	7 3	9 18	11 8	8 11	...	9 49
Gourock ...	4 34	...	7 15	9 33	11 22	8 18	...	9 10
Oban ...	9 45	4 45	...	8 50	12 0	2 10
Perth ...	5 30	8 0	12 25	4 40	5 20	8 35	8 50
Inverness—via Dunkeld	5 10	9 8	1 50
Dundee ...	7 15	8 40	...	1 5	...	6 35	...	9 45
Aberdeen ...	9 5	10 20	...	3 5	...	7 15	...	11 25
Ballater	8 55	...	9 45	...	2 0
Inverness—via Aberdeen	7 35	...	12 5	...	6 0

A—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.35 a.m. up to Aug. 14. This Train does not run on Saturday nights.

B—Saturdays excepted.

a—Arrives Oban 7.30 p.m. on Fridays. b—arrives Dundee (West) 6.50 p.m. Wednesdays and Fridays. c—Sundays excepted. d—On Sunday morning arrive Greenock 8.15 a.m., Perth 8.45 a.m., Dundee 9.15 a.m., and Aberdeen 11.30 a.m.

A SPECIAL TRAIN WILL LEAVE EUSTON AT 6.20 p.m. UP TO AUG. 14, SATURDAY and SUNDAY NIGHTS EXCEPTED, FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF HORSES AND PRIVATE CARRIAGES TO ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND. A CARRIAGE FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF DOGS WILL BE ATTACHED TO THIS TRAIN.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.

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THE TRIAL OF THE 14,000-LB. AIRSHIP
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FOR BANDSMEN ON THE ROYAL YACHT ONLY: THE SPECIAL CAP-BADGE TO BE WORN BY MUSICIANS SERVING ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT.

In future, all bandsmen having the honour of serving on His Majesty's yacht during the sea-journeys made by the King are to wear a special badge on their caps in place of that usually worn. This will be used only while the men are actually on board, and will be returned to the store directly they disembark. The grenade which forms a prominent feature of it is, no doubt, accounted for by the fact that the new school for training naval bandsmen is chiefly in the hands of the Royal Marine Artillery.

Photograph by Lieutenant-Colonel Field.

to them both, and the King's interest in the Royal Yacht Squadron is of long date, most of the members of the "R.Y.S." being well known to him, and in many cases his chosen intimates. His Majesty is expected to be at Marienbad from about the middle of August for a short "cure," and many well-known people in Society will pay him the compliment of imitating his example. It is announced that he will be back in England for Doncaster, and that he will, as has generally been the case of late years, be the guest of Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey.

The Queen and her Maids.

Queen Alexandra once more showed her graciousness and kindness of heart on the occasion of the double wedding of her Maids-of-Honour. Their Majesties shower marks of esteem on members of their two Households, but seldom has any Court lady been honoured as have been the two brides who are now Mrs. Haig and Mrs. Bell. They will be able to look back not only to having been the centre of a unique function, but also to having had among their wedding-guests the future King of Greece, for the Duke of Sparta was present at the double marriage and at the charming "wedding-breakfast." This luncheon, at which the King and Queen graciously intimated their desire to be present, was held in one of the most beautiful rooms in Buckingham Palace. The favours were particularly pretty, being orange-blossoms and white satin bows, "Doris" being printed one side of the bow and "Mary" on the other.

Sir Boyle Roche Outdone!

Anyone who happened to be in Westminster on a certain Sunday in April might have observed a marvellous acrobatic feat on the part of two middle-aged and distinguished lawyers. The news was announced only the other day by an eminently respectable journal, which, in summarising the report of a Commission on certain Westminster churches, observed quite casually (the italics are ours) that "Sir Lewis Dibdin and Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie were present during Morning Prayer at all the nine churches on Sunday, April 16." Sir Boyle Roche's bird must take a back-perch! Unfortunately, no further details are given, but we know, from other sources, that Sir Lewis is fifty-three and Sir Kenneth is fifty-nine. It is clear that their respectable years sit lightly on these gamesome gentlemen of the long robe. How they must have hopped about! The length of morning service may be estimated at two hours, at the most, and that would give them exactly thirteen minutes twenty seconds for each church, without allowing any interval for travelling from one building to another! Certainly, in their undergraduate days, neither Sir Lewis, at Cambridge, nor Sir Kenneth, at Oxford, ever succeeded in "keeping" nine "chapels" on one Sunday morning!

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

OUR popular Sovereign has earned his

holiday well, and the best of good wishes will follow him to Goodwood, to Cowes, and, if rumour speaks true, to Marienbad. Last year he acted as host at Goodwood House; this year he is the guest of the Duke of Richmond, one of his oldest and most valued friends. Perhaps the pleasantest week in the year for both their Majesties is Cowes Week. Life on the Royal yacht is particularly agreeable

The Germanising of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The end of the Regency of Prince Ernest zu Hohenlohe-Langenburg and the taking over of the reins of the Government of his Duchy by the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha may be said to end, also, the process of Germanisation to which the son of the late Prince Leopold has been subjected since the deaths of his uncle, best known to us as the Duke of Edinburgh, and that uncle's son, and the renunciation of the right of succession by the Duke of Connaught for himself and his son caused his selection to fill the vacant throne. Under the ever-watchful eye of the Kaiser, he has become, to all intents and purposes, a thoroughly German Prince. Not only does he look the part, but there is very little doubt that he feels it, and it would be curious if he did not. The five years of his minority have been spent in manner calculated to quieten those who cried for a German Prince for a German Throne. From Eton, he went to the Cadets' College at Gross Lichterfeld, and, after a year there, he had a short spell of work under the care of the officials of the Prussian Ministry of the Interior. Then, in turn, he went to Geneva, to strengthen his French, to the University of Bonn, where he matriculated, and into the First Regiment of the Prussian Foot Guards. Prince Eitel Fritz, the Kaiser's second son, who represented his father at the ceremonies of last week, was his special chum. The heir-presumptive to his throne is Prince Arthur of Connaught.

The Queen.



Major-General Douglas Haig. Mrs. Haig. Mrs. Bell. Captain Bell.

THE QUEEN'S INTEREST IN HER MAIDS-OF-HONOUR: HER MAJESTY PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE BRIDES AND BRIDEGROOMS ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECENT DOUBLE WEDDING IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Her Majesty showed her keen interest in the wedding of her two Maids-of-Honour, the Hon. Dorothy Vivian and the Hon. Mary Dyke, in many ways. Not only were the brides honoured by the request that they should be married in the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace, but both the Queen and the King, together with other members of the Royal Family, attended the ceremonies and the wedding-luncheon, and Her Majesty accompanied the brides to the Grand Hall, and there took affectionate leave of them. The Queen's gift to Miss Dyke was a tiara in diamonds and pearls; and the King's gift a pearl and diamond pendant. To Miss Vivian their Majesties presented a diamond and pearl tiara and an Indian shawl.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

Our Latest Regal Visitor.

The Crown Princess of Roumania has just arrived with her children for a little rest and change in her native land. Her Royal Highness is still affectionately remembered in our midst as Princess Marie of Edinburgh. Though she was only seventeen when she married, she has retained an ardent love of England, and is a frequent visitor to this country. The Crown Princess has been described as the loveliest of future Queens, and she is certainly the best-dressed of them all. She has exquisite taste and designs many of her beautiful costumes, while in Roumania she delights her husband's future subjects by often wearing the national dress. The Princess is very devoted to her husband, and three years ago she nursed him through a very bad illness. Their children are Prince Carol, a fine lad of twelve, Princess Elisabeth, only a year younger, Princess Marie, now a dainty mite of six, and a baby brother whose birth caused great rejoicings at Bucharest. The Royal nursery is managed quite on English lines, and both the Crown Prince and Princess spend much time with their little sons and daughters.

A Monkish Czar.

The industriously circulated rumour that the Empress Dowager of Russia, seeing in herself a possible Empress Catherine and feeling that she has the ear and might have the swords of the Grand Dukes, is anxious that her son shall abdicate has brought forth the statement that His Imperial Majesty is not only willing but eager to exchange the robe of purple for the robe of a monastery. It recalls, also, the fact that Russia once had a ruler who, instead of going to, came from a monastery. From the people's point of view he was not a success: true, they placed him on the throne after having murdered Boris's son, but they also tore him from it after he had engineered eleven months of "Vladimir Days," and strangled him. To most historians he is "the false Demetrius." A native of Jaroslavl, he entered a monastery as a novice, and there one of the monks taught him to personate Demetrius, the son of the Czar John Basilowitz who was murdered by Boris Gudenow. The lesson learnt, he made his way to Lithuania, became a convert to Roman Catholicism, wedded the daughter of the Palatine Sandomir, and in 1604 invaded Russia at the head of a small army which was speedily augmented by a number of Russians and Cossacks. He was chosen to fill the throne in June of 1605.



ROYAL CHILDREN NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND: PRINCE CAROL AND PRINCE NICHOLAS, ELDEST AND YOUNGEST SONS OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

Photograph by Franz Mandy.

first Act of "Don Giovanni" at the Opera. When M. Marcoux, who played the part of the Commandant, came in pursuit of his daughter's pursuer, and the duel began, Scott's rapier slipped upwards and scratched Marcoux' throat. For a brief moment nobody

quite knew whether any harm had been done or not, and when Don Ottavio appeared upon the scene his interest in the prostrate gentleman he had hoped one day to call father-in-law was not at all simulated. When the corpse was carried off the stage, it was found that the scratch was only skin-deep, and, after it had been bound up, the ghost, or spirit, or whatever you like to call it, was able to sing as effectively as ever. It would be interesting to know how often in the history of opera accidents have occurred. Swords and daggers play such a large part in the settlement of operatic difficulties and the development of operatic tragedies that some of the old-stagers should have quite a lot to tell us, if they would. I suppose Mlle. Bauermeister must have witnessed more stage-murders than most of her contemporaries, and would be best able to deliver a discourse upon the dangers that are born of enthusiasm.



ROYAL CHILDREN NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND: PRINCE CAROL AND PRINCESS ELISABETH, ELDEST CHILDREN OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

Photograph by Franz Mandy.

that which can be prevented, rather than do battle, Quixote-wise, against the inevitable.

New Men and Old Acres.

The auction and other sales have revealed the fact that several large Scottish properties have changed hands. Mr. George Coats has paid over a hundred and fifty thousand pounds for palatial Glentana, the French-

looking castle which dominates so much of Deeside, and which was built by that eccentric millionaire, the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks. Lord Portsmouth is said to have bought the famous Guisachan estate, so closely associated with Lord Tweedmouth and with the late Lady Tweedmouth. It is one of the best sporting domains in Scotland, and the house is both beautiful and luxurious. A twentieth-century Scottish hostess, and one to whom, naturally, the greatest interest attaches, is the young Duchess of Roxburghe, and it is thought that the Duke and herself may give a great Royal house-party at Floors Castle.



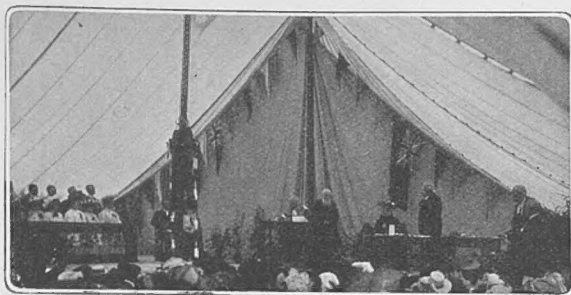
ROYAL CHILDREN NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND: PRINCESS MARIE AND PRINCE NICHOLAS, SECOND DAUGHTER AND SECOND SON OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

Photograph by Franz Mandy.

The Abandonment of Trentham Hall.

In deciding to close Trentham Hall, his Staffordshire home, and the original of "Brentham" in Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair," on the ground that the pollution of the Trent, which flows past it, renders it a ruined residence, the Duke of Sutherland is abandoning the finest of the seats belonging to his family. The Duke, however, is not the only one who will suffer, for, by his courtesy, the public have long had free use of the woods and park he will now cease to care for. It is in

these gardens, which have to thank Queen Victoria's first Mistress of the Robes, Harriet,



THE ANNUAL AWARD OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH: COUNSEL DEFENDING THE FLITCH AGAINST THE REV. MR. JENKINS BEFORE A JURY OF YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

The claimants for the Dunmow flitch were tried, as is customary, before a jury of youths and maidens, and their matrimonial affairs provided material for a good deal of fun. In the end, both pairs of claimants were awarded the flitch, were chaired in procession round the racecourse, and received the bacon after having taken the ancient oath kneeling on pointed stones.

Photograph by Park.

Courts as Centres of the Æsthetic.

The *Morning Post* must be judged somewhat daring in its statement that "the presence of a Court, even for a short period of the year, always has a stimulating effect on the æsthetic life of a large town, and to this is attributed the pleasant character of many of the Continental towns which are or have been the residence of Courts and Governments." Our own King and Queen take most laudable interest in the artistic side of life—although the Honours Lists have not been too

notable hitherto for the recognition of artists and men of letters—but there have been and are

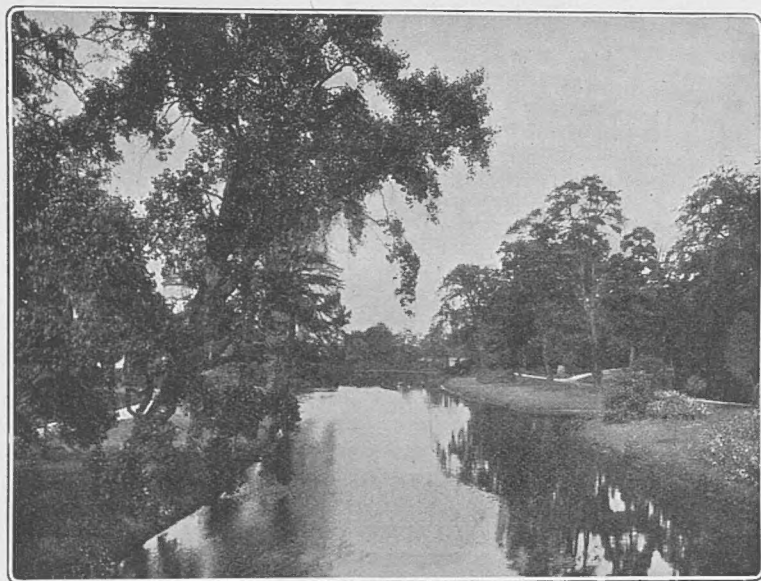


THE ANNUAL AWARD OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH: MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK NOAKES, SUCCESSFUL CLAIMANTS.

Mr. Frederick John Garbett Noakes and his wife live in the village of Bedlam Bitterly, near Ludlow. Mr. Noakes is an engineer and a member of a brass band, but it was elicited that his playing of the euphonium causes no resentment on the part of his wife.

Photograph by Park.

Duchess of Sutherland, grandmother of the present Duke, for much of her beauty, that one of the chief charms of the Hall lies; and it is to be hoped that the officials concerned will do something to remedy the nuisance of which his Grace complains before it is too late for him to reconsider his decision. Meantime, the Duke has decided not to waive his claims for damages against the authorities he believes responsible for the trouble.



THE CAUSE OF THE CLOSING OF TRENTHAM HALL: THE TRIBUTARY OF THE TRENT WHICH RUNS THROUGH THE GROUNDS, AND IS SAID TO BE POLLUTED.

The Duke of Sutherland will not be the only person to suffer by the closing of his seat on the borders of the Potteries, for the grounds have been a place of recreation for the public for some years. The gardens owe a good deal of their beauty to the present Duke's grandmother, Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, who was Queen Victoria's first Mistress of the Robes.

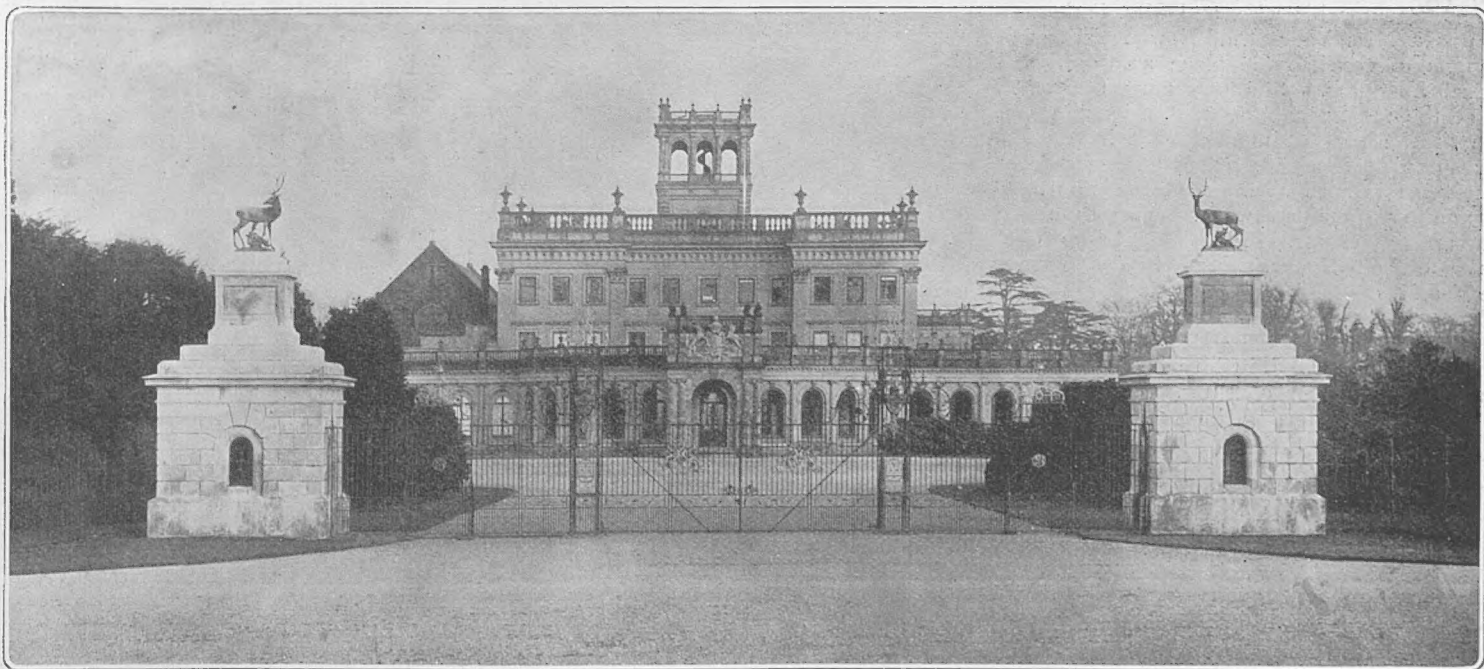
Photograph by Frith.

THE ANNUAL AWARD OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH: THE REV. MR. OWEN JENKINS AND MRS. JENKINS, SUCCESSFUL CLAIMANTS.

The Rev. O. F. S. P. Jenkins, of St. John's Church, Mold, Flintshire, was married in 1869. An attempt was made to break down his claim to the flitch on the ground that, while he is "nearly a vegetarian," his wife is a meat-eater, and that consequently they must have quarrelled.

Photograph by Park.

monarchs and their consorts less enlightened. The purple robe seems at times to lend to its wearers a desire for purple effects, to Orientalise them, as it were, and encourage in them tastes less natural to the West than to the East. And is there not, also, a record of a much-loved ruler who purchased a beautiful Moorish screen mellowed by age, its delicate tracery a delight to look upon, and promptly had it enamelled white!

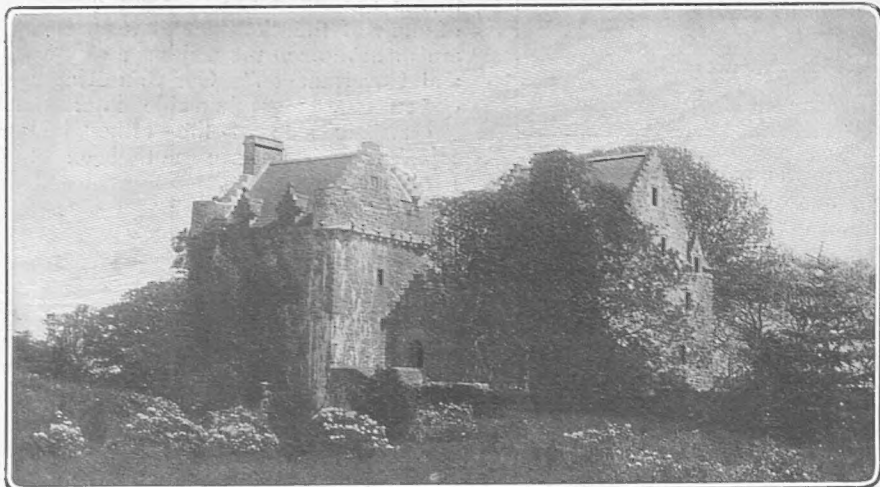


"A RUINED RESIDENCE": TRENTHAM HALL, THE ORIGINAL OF LORD BEACONSFIELD'S "BRENTHAM," IN "LOTHAIR," WHICH THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND IS CLOSING.

Trentham Hall, perhaps the most beautiful of the Duke of Sutherland's seats, is situated in Staffordshire. His Grace has declared that the continual pollution of the River Trent, which flows past the Hall, has made his home a ruined residence, and he has, therefore, decided to close it, together with the grounds, which have long been open to the public.

Photograph by Russell.

Mochrum Castle. Mochrum Castle, the wonderful old Scotch place where Lord and Lady Bute are spending their honeymoon, is the delight of antiquaries. It is said to be undoubtedly the oldest of Scottish strongholds, and has been described as the most



THE SCENE OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BUTE'S HONEYMOON:
MOCHRUM CASTLE, WIGTONSHIRE.

Mochrum Castle, which is one of the Marquess's seats, is said to be the oldest of Scottish strongholds.

Photograph by Thow.

perfect specimen of Northern architecture extant. Situated in a tract of wild and beautiful country, it is the very place in which to spend a romantic and solitary honeymoon. It is in no sense as luxurious as either Mount Stewart or Cardiff Castle, but neither bride nor bridegroom is likely to object to that. They are both keenly interested in everything to do with Scotland and with Scottish outdoor life, and they are likely to try some interesting experiments in the way of acclimatising wild animals and birds on Lord Bute's various Northern properties.

The Wives of Some of Our Famous Novelists.

Our great novelists are exceptionally fortunate in their wives, and it is quite curious to note how very rarely the world hears of dissensions between those married couples who are connected with imaginative literature. Poets have been proverbially unlucky—not so novelists. At the present time, the great masters of the novel are, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions, all Benedicts; and, what is more gratifying, all happy Benedicts! Perhaps it were well to take them seriatim. Sir Gilbert Parker, though the chosen novelist of Canada, went to the States for his wife, and Mrs. Parker, who was a Miss Vantine, of New York, has conquered a considerable place among the political hostesses. She entertains the statesmen of the day in one of the most magnificent mansions in Carlton House Terrace, while at the present moment her husband and herself are at one of the prettiest places near Dorking, where the novelist is hard at work on an important new story. Yet another Canadian writer who has made his home in this country, Mr. Robert Barr, also chose his wife in the United States. Mrs. Robert Barr, who is as breezy and cheerful as are so many of her husband's books, was Miss Eva Bennett, and next year she and the author of "The Countess Tekla" will have been married thirty years. The love of romance seems to lead men far afield when courting. Mrs. Jerome K. Jerome, the popular "better-half" of the writer who is one of our comparatively few humourists, was the daughter of a Spanish officer. She is immensely proud of her husband's popularity, and shares his many outdoor recreations. Mr. Rider Haggard, himself a Norfolk man, married a Norfolk lady, and the mistress of Ditchingham, where her husband's many interesting agricultural experiments have been tried, was the only child of a well-known Norfolk magnate, the late Major Margitson; this year the popular couple celebrate their Silver Wedding, and it is significant that not till he married and settled down to home-life did Mr. Rider Haggard begin his career as an author, while "King Solomon's Mines" was published six years after he became a Benedict. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan is quite as prolific a writer as her husband; they have both paid a pretty compliment to a fellow-novelist by naming their seaside home "Thrums."

Some Other Novelists' Wives.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, who bids fair to sink his reputation as a novelist in that of a dramatist, went to the stage for a wife, and it does not require a very old playgoer to recall how charmingly the lady who is now Mrs. Barrie acted in her husband's first play, the brilliant little farce, "Walker, London." In her case, marriage spelt retirement; but the fact that Mr. Barrie has now blossomed forth into one of our leading dramatists probably owes its being in some measure at least to the influence of his young wife, who retains her interest in things theatrical. Also connected with the stage—through the fact that her sister, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, is one of the most delightful actresses for which England has to thank America—is Mrs. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who has been described as "Anthony Hope's" ideal heroine, that fair Princess so exquisitely imaged forth by him in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hope Hawkins have a beautiful old house in Bloomsbury, and there they are very hospitable to literary and theatrical folk. Mr. Egerton Castle has in his wife, who was an Irish lady, Miss Agnes Sweetman, a perfect collaborator; it is an open secret that, even before her name appeared on the title-page, she and the gallant swordsman whose name she bears wrote their stories together, but some time elapsed before her modesty would allow her to acknowledge the fact to the great world of readers who had taken such pleasure in the work signed "Egerton Castle." Mrs. Egerton Castle comes of a gifted family, one of her sisters being the delightful novelist whose Dorset idyls are signed "M. E. Francis." Mr. Max Pemberton's many admirers

will not be surprised to learn that his marriage was a true romance, if ever there was one: he was still an undergraduate when he wedded Miss Agnes Alice Tussaud, the prettiest of a group of singularly pretty sisters, all descended from the famous Madame Tussaud who played so great a rôle at the Court of Marie Antoinette and whose name is familiar all the world over. Mr. and Mrs. Max Pemberton have been married over twenty years, but they still look quite young people, perhaps owing to their love of the country; lately they have become ardent motorists. The creator of Captain Kettle went to Scotland for a wife, for Mrs. Cutcliffe Hyne was Miss Elsie Haggas, of Ingrow, and she seems to have had a most happy influence on her clever husband, for he published "The Adventures of Captain Kettle" the year following his marriage.

"Brodder" and the Viceroy.

It is a blessing that Lords Curzon and Kitchener have come to terms about the Indian Army and are not going to resign. What is genuinely comic about the whole business is the solemn manner in which the ineffable Mr. Brodrick lectures the Viceroy over the telegraph-wire in the correspondence recently published. Slowness of mind has never been one of Lord Curzon's faults, and the spectacle of Mr. Brodrick telling him that he has misapprehended the intention and practical effect of the Government's decision is really delicious.



A WOMAN WHO IS TO MAKE A DASH FOR THE NORTH POLE: MISS MAMIE BABB.

Miss Babb, who was a school-teacher in New England, has sailed on the "Roosevelt" as a member of the Peary North Pole Expedition.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.



Miss Babb.

A WOMAN WHO IS TO MAKE A DASH FOR THE NORTH POLE: MISS MAMIE BABB ON BOARD THE "ROOSEVELT," ON WHICH SHE HAS SAILED WITH THE PEARY EXPEDITION.

Miss Babb is to accompany the sleigh-party which will leave the "Roosevelt" for a dash for the North Pole. She is to have the care of the wireless-telegraphy apparatus on the vessel, she will be largely responsible for the compilation of the log, she will do any newspaper contributing that is to be done, and she will act as official photographer.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THRICE HONoured BY THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE.



Mlle. DESTINN AS "MADAMA BUTTERFLY" (CIO-CIO-SAN) IN PUCCINI'S NEW OPERA.

"Madama Butterfly" has been specially honoured by the Queen, for Her Majesty was present at the first three performances. The opera, by Puccini, is based on the play of the same name produced in England some six years ago.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

A WEEK or two ago, I called attention in this place to Mr. Bernard Shaw's breach of the peace, and, already, some of the evils caused by his letter are coming to light. A householder has written from Kensington to my morning paper, quoting Mr. Shaw's objection to ugly sights, and asking whether it is not possible to avoid ugly sounds. It seems that he is living in the neighbourhood of many churches, and that their many bells do not call the faithful to prayer in unison. The correspondent suffers from a keen sense of tone and tune, and he actually suggests that church-bells should be abolished, and that a flag, hoisted on the church-steeple, should serve to remind intending worshippers that their hour has come. Such a letter is too iconoclastic in its tendency to be received without protest. I can hear in my mind hundreds of worthy ratepayers declaring to their intimates that their great-grandfathers, grandfathers, and fathers endured the discords without complaint, and that what was good enough for

their summers before they started sulking on account of powers curtailed. It would appear that the sea-born air of Venice is favourable to the making of men. Since he came to his high office, Pius X. has shown in many ways that he is prepared to abandon the rather absurd attitude of his immediate predecessors. One is sure that, should he elect to go to Gandolfo, he will be treated with all the respect due to his high position and great reputation, and that he will have done more for the cause he represents than he could possibly hope to do by remaining in the close seclusion of the Vatican and protesting that he is a prisoner of State.

New Roads.

Commissions are dull things even when they have the word "Royal" for their qualifying adjective. But there is an exception to the rule, and Volume One of the report on the means of locomotion and transport in London is

a very highly intelligent affair indeed, as full of promise as a Parliamentary candidate's election-address. A very serious attempt at very considerable expense is to be made to deal with the ever-growing traffic of London and Greater London. New railways are projected, several streets are planned, and, if the report is adopted, London will become in course of time a thing of extraordinary utility



A £200,000 BASIN FOR EXPERIMENTING WITH MODEL WARSHIPS: THE NEW NAVAL TESTING-TANK AT WASHINGTON.—SEEKING TO DISCOVER THE HORSE-POWER NECESSARY TO DRIVE A VESSEL AT A PARTICULAR SPEED.

The new Naval Testing-Tank at Washington is the largest in the world, and cost £200,000. The Basin is 470 feet long, 42½ feet wide, and over 14 feet deep in the centre. Models of proposed warships are made of wood and fixed to a travelling carriage, and it is thus made possible for the naval architect, by noting the resistance of the model while it is being drawn through the water, to ascertain the precise horse-power necessary to drive the vessel at various speeds. Our photograph shows the travelling carriage at work.

Photograph supplied by Harold J. Shepstone.

of music it is. I cannot make up my mind whether the teacher who brings this truth home to the great heart of the British public will suffer martyrdom at their hands, or will receive a peerage from a grateful Sovereign.

The Pope's Holiday.

I remember reading in far-off nursery-days the story of a ferocious brigand who was imprisoned in a castle for very many years. One fine June day, when he heard the summer calling to him, he could brook imprisonment no longer, so he opened his prison-door and went out into the sunshine. Pope Pius X. is very much in the position of that brigand, albeit he himself is one of the best-loved and most lovable of men. He finds summer in the Vatican almost unbearable, and even the charming little retreat at the far end of the Vatican gardens cannot console him for the loss of his beloved Lido. Like the brigand I have mentioned, he has but to go elsewhere, and rumour says that he is likely to retire to the beautiful Castle of Gandolfo on the Alban Hills, where the Popes were wont to spend

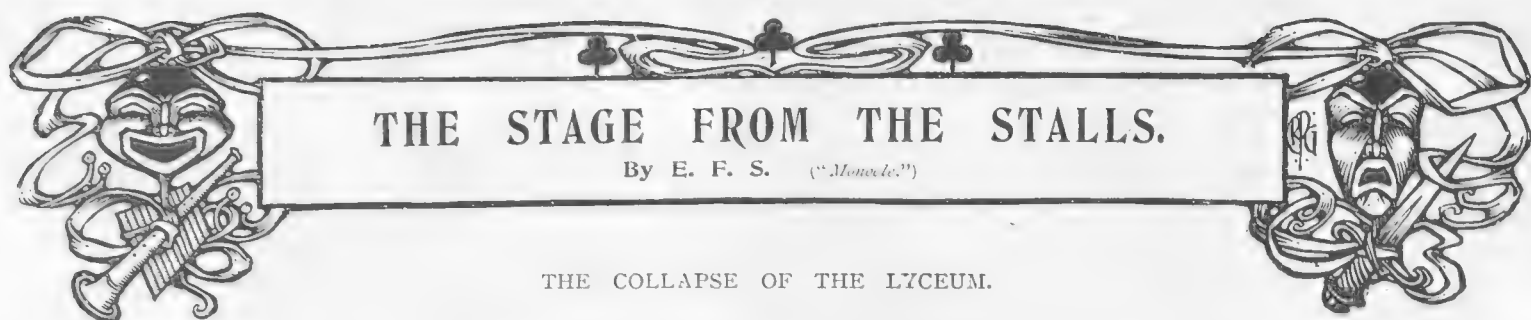
and a pure joy to its inhabitants. For all these mercies I have no more than a very modified gratitude. Sages tell us that in order to make omelettes you must break eggs, and I would like to remind enthusiastic Metropolitans that, before London can become as an omelette, the present thoroughfares that stand for eggs must be broken up very considerably. You and I, Reader, must endure discomfort for many years; traffic will be up, and houses will be down in all directions, gangs of labourers will make night and day equally hideous, our walks abroad will be seriously disturbed. Before all the new plans are accomplished facts, we shall, in all probability, have joined the great majority, to whom new roads and railway extensions do not matter in the least. Posterity will benefit, but, as the philosopher remarked, posterity has done nothing for us, and, for my own part, I resent the prospect of spending the rest of my life in a disordered and eruptive city in order that generations yet unborn, and most certainly ungrateful, may travel with a degree of comfort to which I am a stranger.

A PRINCESS OF THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.



SOME STUDIES OF MISS GAYNOR ROWLANDS.

Photographs by Lemcilleur and Co.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle")

THE COLLAPSE OF THE LYCEUM.

THE collapse of the Lyceum, no doubt, teaches a lesson: what the lesson is, I am uncertain. Facts always teach lessons, which, however, unfortunately, as a rule fail to explain themselves. Still, groping in the dark, one may find the cause of the collapse, and also its relation to the slump in theatredom. Of course, the immediate cause was the lack of patronage. Any fool, even a dramatic critic, could guess that; moreover, it is within the capacity of the humblest intellect to discover that the failure to attract was due, in part, to the nature of the programme, seeing that some rival houses are open and, presumably, flourishing. Nevertheless, I have been told that the bills at the Lyceum were admirable of their kind; this statement evidently is founded upon hearsay evidence, and I have no other, since the house never seemed to crave for my society; whilst I did not wish sufficiently for its entertainment either to pay for a ticket or request the Management to "pass the Press"—an allegation strictly without prejudice as far as the house is concerned, since it is equally true in my case regarding most of the fashionable variety-halls. What appears to me to be pertinent is the idea that the sudden increase in places of entertainment is bad for all parties, unless it happens to occur at a time of "boom." Now this is not a booming time. No doubt some people are spending money lavishly, sinfully, and one hears of costly entertainments that cause a feeling of wonder why the submerged class remains patient in poverty. On the other hand, there are murmurs almost all round of depression in the professions and in trade. What the explanation is, no one seems to know exactly. Perhaps we have not recovered from the effects of the War; possibly Free Trade has caused the trouble, and it may be that fear of Protection is inducing people to bury money in the back-garden. Still, the fact remains that the average person is not spending money as lavishly as he did before the time when we conquered the Transvaal for the benefit of the German Jews and the Chinese. The fact remains that the merely well-to-do classes are not spending enough on public entertainments to keep all the theatres and big new halls in prosperity. Consequently, we see the collapse of the Lyceum, and hear in whispers of disaster in many playhouses. In the legitimate theatres quite a number of productions have been failures which, under normal circumstances, would have paid their way. On the other hand, there have been notable successes: for instance, "The Walls of Jericho" and "Véronique," both still running, which suggest that entertainments, excellent and orthodox, can find plenty of support. A big Variety Palace may collapse, others may be involved in difficulties, theatrical enterprises may have failed with scandal, and popular theatres may have changed the bill with staggering frequency; but these two works, each admirable in its way, have done well. This is said without disparagement to the programmes of two or three other prosperous

playhouses, and, in particular, without regard to the remarkable season at the Court Theatre.

Perhaps we are seeing the inauguration of a new little "Renaissance"; it may be noted that during the last twenty years we have had several re-births of the British Drama, and the public, it may be, is coming back to its old love, to the comedy in which an effort is made to represent current English life, and to the comic opera with a sense of form and an absence of interpolated numbers. One noteworthy feature of the season has been the triumph of "G. B. S.," who has almost succeeded in inducing the conventional critics to take him seriously as a dramatist, and here there are distinct signs of a revival of interest in real drama.

No doubt, his work will always remain caviare to the general; still, he is making his way so fast that, if he is not careful, vulgar popularity may destroy his position. As might easily have been guessed, a season in which his successes have been noteworthy has not shown itself favourable to romantic drama, and particularly to that form of it which comes from across the Atlantic or has been inspired by "Monsieur Beaucaire."

It appears that the Lyceum—what memories the name recalls!—is to be opened some time in the autumn with "Excelsior," the big ballet that had a great Continental success, and has long been announced as forthcoming at the Empire, the famous house which is now being reconstructed. What will happen if the ballet proves to be too long, goodness knows, for then there may be a prosecution to show the absurdity of our laws relating to places of entertainment, there being now, in effect, one law for the country and another for



MISS JANET ALEXANDER AS PIERRE IN THE DRAMA, "GEOFFREY STIRLING," TO BE PRODUCED IN LONDON IN THE AUTUMN.

"Geoffrey Stirling," a play in four Acts by Neville Lynn, adapted from Mrs. De Courcy Laffan's novel of the same name, was first given at the Fulham Grand Theatre at the beginning of this month. Its period is that of George III., and it is a drama that verges on melodrama.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

London. It might be a clever move if the house were to abandon its music-hall licence and give the ballet in conjunction with two or three stage-plays under the Lord Chamberlain's licence, a policy that would hardly cause enthusiasm in the theatres, where already it is thought that the "sketches" have proved hurtful to the producers of ordinary drama. The outsider may feel inclined to say "A plague o' both your houses," and ask why he may not see what he wants to see, namely, vivid drama, in any safe building, whatever its licence. To answer him by saying that the whole position is an anomaly due to facts of some historical interest, and still existing because Parliament is far too busy with politics to attend to legislation, is sadly ineffective. It may be difficult to explain that the failures in many theatres and the closing of the Lyceum have any cause in common other than the diminution in spending powers of a large class; but I believe that there is underlying them some revulsion on the part of the public against the extreme "mere entertainment" view prevailing in the entertainment world, and that there are cruel days in store for the playhouses if they do not make a serious effort to aim a little higher than at present.

FURNITURE FOR THE PERFECT HOUSE.



SOME CHILD STUDIES.

"A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising three weeks."—SOUTHEY.

Photographic Studies by the Aristophoto Company.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A PRIG'S PROGRESS.*

AT the age of twenty, Francis Strelley of Upcote, in the pleasant county of Oxfordshire, kissed Betty Coy, the dairymaid, and his troubles commenced. Being a particularly white-livered young gentleman who carried milk and water in his veins in place of blood, his conscience was able to bully him into believing that he should make Betty Coy his wife, in order to justify his mild indiscretion. His father, finding that he had begotten a fool for his eldest son, sent Francis away to Italy, lest he should fulfil his threat—a very reasonable thing to do until one remembers that we have always been on the best of terms with the most fascinating country of middle Europe. Arrived in the city of Padua, Francis promptly fell in love with his Professor's wife, and, after some months of a placid devotion that is very fully set out, declared his passion. The lady, who was as innocent as he was foolish, laughed at him, while her duenna shut him up in a cupboard because the Professor was returning. All might have gone well then, but Francis must needs come out of the cupboard to lecture the Professor upon the virtues of his wife. Not unreasonably, the learned husband believed that his pupil was not merely foolish, drove Aurelia from the house, and threw Francis downstairs on to his stupid, unbreakable head.

Having recovered from the shock, Francis started out to find Aurelia and apologise, proclaiming his own sins at the top of his voice, and, at the beginning of his wanderings, met Fra Palamone, a Capuchin, and a singularly disgusting person whose true character will not bear deep analysis. The only good thing to be said for the *frate* is that he gives Francis the first thrashing recorded in the book. On the road to Pistoja, Francis meets Virginia, a beautiful peasant-girl, and, after they have spent a few hours together, they proceed on their travels side by side, with that happy disregard of convention and natural instinct that one associates with some of Mr. Hewlett's heroes and heroines. It is only fair to remark that the Prig has very few natural instincts. Palamone kidnaps Francis, and, after some ugly scenes, fetches Virginia too, and they all go on tour. Chance takes them to a fair, very happily described, and, after Francis and Virginia have worked hard in their new master's interests, he arranges to sell the latter to the Marquis Semifonte, on whose estate she was born. The wandering couple trick the Holy Brother and run away to Florence, where Father Carnesecchi comes to the Prig's rescue and helps him to have an interview with Aurelia, who has sought that city. Aurelia is growing up mentally, if not morally, and Francis makes her feel tired.

Very soon now we come to a chapter with the alarming title "I Slay a Man." The man is Fra Palamone; the slaying seems a bit uncertain, for, although the satyr is shot through the lung, and is left lying on the ground, bleeding internally, he turns up in a later chapter as happy as though such accidents agreed with him. Having disposed of the Brother, Francis proceeds to marry Virginia; but the lady, whose absurdities are hardly less remarkable than his own, arranges that the marriage shall be a mock one. The Philistine reader is reminded of Ibsen's pathetic remark—"People don't do these things." The young people live happily at Lucca, and Francis works hard and honestly, though we regret to say that he does not

become less prosy, and then the Cavaliere Aquamorta intervenes. He is a bold, bad gentleman, who has taken a violent fancy to Virginia, and this annoys Francis, who challenges him to a duel. The brutal Cavaliere names horsewhips as the weapons, and one has pleasure in recording the fact that the Prig achieves his second hiding and is thrown out of the city. He meets a company of strolling players and travels with them. One named Belviso, who is young and beautiful, becomes greatly attached to him, promises to lead a reformed life, and endures his speeches in fashion that should entail remission of mortal sins. In Siena, Francis and his company act before Aurelia, and he is arrested by one of her highly placed friends, who recognises him, and thinks, not unwisely, that such freaks should not be left at large. The escort that is taking him to prison

is set upon by brigands, Francis escapes with the faithful Belviso, is found working in the fields by Palamone, and learns from that nasty person that he is rich by his father's death. He proceeds to Florence and sends for Virginia; but it is clear that you cannot live with a fool without becoming foolish, for Virginia respectfully declines to return to him now that he has achieved opulence. He goes to see Aurelia once more and bores her severely, he fights Count Giral di for speaking lightly of his earliest love, is imprisoned and released, and then learns from Aurelia herself that she has long abandoned the "lilies and languors of virtue for the roses and raptures of vice." The lady goes so far as to invite him directly to respond to the affections he was the first to waken, but milk and water still flow tepidly in his veins, platitudes from his tongue; he overwhelms her with words, and departs, exuding morality from every pore.

Having nothing special to do, and sufficient estate to do it with comfortably, the Prig now proceeds to hunt for Virginia. He finds her in company with Belviso and a baby. By now, I presume, he has learned to suspect all the sex; he talks severely to Virginia, and wishes to shoot Belviso, but Palamone, coming up at the psychological moment with murderous intent, he shoots him instead, while Belviso receives the bullet that the unpleasant Brother had dedicated to the termination of the Prig's career. Then Virginia speaks, and points out that Belviso is just a girl in boy's

dress. The Prig had travelled with her, and experienced all sorts of adventures in her company for weeks on end without any suspicion of the truth! "My proof had turned to my reproof. . . I fell upon the cold bosom and wept bitterly. She let me sob my full. Not until I was calmer did the noble girl touch me upon the shoulder and call me by my name. 'Francis,' she said, 'do not reproach yourself any more.'"

All is over now. Francis goes to Lucca with his lady and marries her again, this time in orthodox fashion, and the curtain falls, leaving us rather sorry for Virginia. A foot-note by the author gives us to understand that she must have endured nearly twenty years of her husband's society, unless, happily, he talked her to death in the early years of their married life. It is satisfactory to learn that even the Prig did not live for ever, and one would have thought that his clay was not turned to "such aureate earth, as buried once men want dug up again." Rather unfortunately, I think, Mr. Maurice Hewlett has held a different opinion. The result is a book that will hardly add to its author's reputation. Extravagances of thought and diction that suit the earlier centuries well enough do not shine well in the eighteenth, and it requires all the gratitude due to Mr. Hewlett for his best work to enable me to write temperately of this uninspired effort.

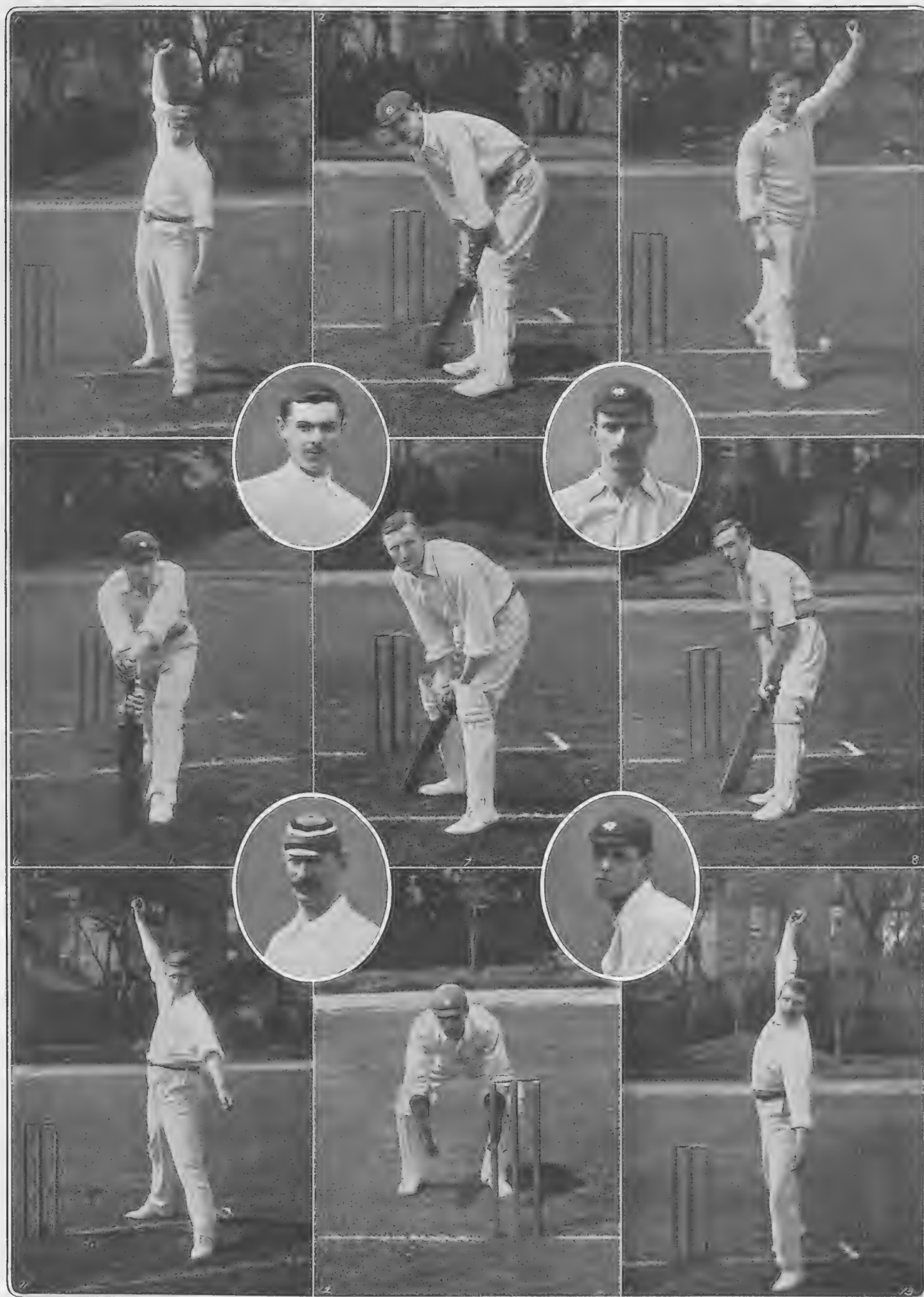
S. L. BENSUSAN.



MR. MAURICE HEWLETT'S NEW BOOK: THE COVER OF "THE FOOL ERRANT, BEING THE MEMOIRS OF FRANCIS-ANTONY STRELLEY, ESQ., CITIZEN OF LUCCA."

* "The Fool Errant." By Maurice Hewlett. London: Heinemann.

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—VII. NOTTS.



1. G. ANTHONY. 2. R. E. HEMINGWAY. 3. J. GUNN. 4. J. PENNINGTON. 5. IREMONGER 6. G. GUNN. 7. A. O. JONES (CAPTAIN).
8. HARDSTAFF. 9. REV. H. STAUNTON. 10. DAY. 11. WASS. 12. OATHS. 13. HALLAM.

Photographs by Foster.

MARIE BLANCHE —



MISS MABEL GREEN, WHO IS PLAYING ONE OF THE LITTLE MICHUS AT DALY'S

Miss Mabel Green, whose sudden elevation from chorus to "lead" caused considerable interest, would seem to have justified Mr. George Edwardes's choice by winning considerable popularity. Her stage career has been quite short. She made her first appearance in "The Cherry Girl," at the Vaudeville, and afterwards played in "The Cingalee." In "The Little Michus" she plays the Michus' real daughter.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

— AND BLANCHE MARIE.



MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE, WHO IS PLAYING ONE OF THE LITTLE MICHUS AT DALY'S.

Miss Adrienne Augarde, already, of course, a well-established favourite, shares the honours of the new piece at Daly's with Miss Mabel Green. Miss Augarde plays the supposed daughter of the Michus, who is in reality the long-lost daughter of General des Iles.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is not my business to comment on a lawsuit which may not yet be finished, but on the general question of reviewing something may be said. Is every severe review a libel? Certainly not. Was Macaulay's review of Croker a libellous review? Certainly not. The libel comes in, as I understand, where the reviewer goes behind the book to the personality. Suppose it is proved that strained relations exist between an author and his reviewer, then phrases which might otherwise have passed as innocent become of serious import. Suppose the reviewer uses private knowledge of the author to the author's disparagement, he will find himself in peril. For my part, I cannot but think that no man should review a book if he has prejudices against the author. If he thinks he can rise above these prejudices and be impartial, he may succeed to his own satisfaction, but he will find it difficult to convince the public of his superiority to ordinary frailties. A thin-skinned author who took an unprejudiced reviewer into Court would find that in the end he defeated his own object. The British public love fair play, but they are also lovers of plain talk.

The *Literary World* contains a pleasant sketch of the house of Blackwood. The present head of the firm, Mr. William Blackwood, has almost completed his three score years and ten, and is still in full vigour. For some years he has had the active assistance of his two nephews, Mr. G. W. Blackwood and Mr. J. H. Blackwood. *Maga* maintains its position well in spite of severe competition. Its trenchant indictment of the reforms in the Admiralty associated with the name of Sir John Fisher has attracted general attention. Among contemporary novelists who have arrived by way of *Blackwood* may be mentioned Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mrs. Thurston, Mr. Neil Munro, Sydney Grier, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Bernard Capes, and Mr. John Buchan.

A very scholarly book on Shakspeare's London has been published by an American Professor, Mr. Henry Thew Stephenson. Of course, the book of John Stow is, and to the end of time must remain, the chief source of our knowledge of Shakspeare's London. Stow's "Survey of London" is the one book to which all students of the Elizabethan city must go for much of their material. Stow, in common with every Elizabethan, was superstitious. Queen Elizabeth herself, when on her way to St. Paul's in 1588, did not disdain to receive from an officer "a Crapon or Toade stone set in gold." But Stow is not our only direct guide to Shakspeare's London. We have three maps—that of Norden, the map about fifty years earlier than Norden's in the collection of Braun and Hogenberg, and the so-called map of Aggas. The value of the second is very considerable. On some points, Mr. Stephenson's judgment has been questioned. For example, he says there were three bridges over the Strand—the Strand Bridge, Ivy Bridge, and a third opposite the end of Essex Street. It is not certain, however,

that these three were bridges over the Strand. They may have been rather in the direction of the length of the street. They may have foreshadowed, in a way, the elevated railways. Mr. Stephenson speaks of the "grand tour" as existing in the Elizabethan age, but it is pointed out that the grand tour belonged to later times. Foreign travel was, indeed, common enough among young men of family in Shakspeare's day, as may be seen from Ascham's "Schoolmaster"; but Ascham complains that the young men went only to Italy, unlike the godly and excellent learned Englishman who, when driven out of England, went to Germany.

The third volume of Taine's Life and Correspondence has just been published in Paris. It is by far the most interesting that

has yet appeared. Beginning in 1870, on the eve of the war with Germany, it presents Taine's career and his inmost thoughts with singular fidelity. When the war broke out, Taine believed, like most Frenchmen, that the material preparations for the war were complete, and that the French Generals would be up to their task. He knew, however, the seriousness and tenacity of Germany. In no long time he saw that the Army was ill commanded, and augured the worst. With characteristic pluck, he offered himself to the military authorities for the National Guard, but his eyesight was so bad that his offer was refused. He took his family to Tours, where he heard the news of the defeat at Sedan, and of the captivity of the Emperor. In the midst of the Commune he almost disappeared, like many another. He wrote, "My heart is dead within my bosom; it seems to me that I live among madmen. I have lost the feeling of indignation." Later on

he expressed his misery still more strongly: "It is hard to think badly of one's country; it seems to me as if it were a question of a near parent, almost of a father or a mother; and, having judged this parent incapable, I am obliged to find him grotesque, odious, low, absolutely incorrigible, and destined to the prison of criminals or the cell of madmen."

The New England woman is very severely criticised by Miss Kate Stephens, a teacher in the University of Kansas, in a volume of essays to which she gives the title "American Thumbprints." Miss Stephens has not left her countrywomen a single good point. "Her lungs are apt to be weak, waist normal, and hips undersized. . . . She is awkward in movement . . . more often she toes in than out," and so on. "She is already outnumbered in her own home by women of foreign blood, an ampler physique, and a less exalted ideal of life." Her disappearance is attributed by Miss Stephens to "that awful crime of self-sufficing ecclesiasticism." Those who have seen the New England woman in her own home will think and think again.

O. O.



"MY DAUGHTAH!"

[DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.]

Concerning Kisses.



V.—THE BON-CAMARADE KISS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

RAILWAY-ADVICE TO TRAVELLERS: "TO AVOID PERSONAL TROUBLE—



—SEND YOUR LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE!"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SCANDALS OF SIGNA.

By DOLF WYLLARDE.

No. II.—SIGNA AND THE THIRD OFFICER.

ONE night in mid-ocean, just as the *Waltham Abbey* was entering the tropics, the stars might have seen a little, bright head thrust out of a porthole, and Signa's face look up at them with questioning eyes. She was, as a fact, standing on the sofa-berth in her cabin, her little, bare toes clutching flexibly at the smooth leather to save her balance, while she leaned out into the rapturous night.

"It is a sin and a shame to waste this lovely night in going to bed!" said Signa. "How lovely it must be on deck—or, better still, on the bridge! I would go up and talk to the Officer of the Watch—only it happens to be the Third" (Signa knew all the Watches, with fatal facility), "and he is so cold and dull. Why don't they pick their men better on this Line? I am sure sociability is a positive necessity on a Liner." She yawned, and climbed down slowly from her elevated position. "I suppose I must lie down—but I am sure it is far too hot to sleep!"

A minute or so later she was slumbering as soundly as if she were a child, and breathing deeply and evenly, in spite of the electric-light, which she had forgotten to switch off.

An hour or so later the Third Officer came off the Watch and proceeded to go round the ship with the Quartermaster. In the alley-way preceding Signa's there was a sound of scuffling—two young gentlemen of some fourteen years happening to share a cabin, and being falsely under the impression that no one was stirring, were indulging in a pillow-fight to an accompaniment of smothered laughter. The Officer sent the Quartermaster to inquire into the cause of the disturbance and warn the combatants that they were annoying their neighbours. In the meantime he himself passed on to the next alley-way.

There was a light burning here, behind a drawn curtain—another infringement of rules. The Officer uttered an impatient exclamation, under his breath. Usually his rounds were brief and undisturbed. To-night it seemed that there were half-a-dozen delays, and he was tired and anxious to get to his cabin on the boat-deck. He walked lightly down the alley-way, and tapped on the woodwork outside the curtain.

There was no answer, but a deep, even breath was softly audible. The owner of the cabin had evidently gone to bed and forgotten the light, which was not only wasting the Company's property, but breaking a strict rule. Mr. Leonard Payne, Third Officer of the *Waltham Abbey*, was an earnest young man in his profession, and with strict loyalty to the owners in whose employ he was. He could not pass a breach of the ship's discipline. He raised the curtain and walked in.

Signa was beautifully asleep, in spite of the light in her eyes. She lay with her face towards the doorway, a froth of white frills falling back from her throat, and her face lapsed again into the utter innocence of childhood. All the devilry that lurked in her frowns and glances and dimples had been stolen by sleep. She might have been a very youthful angel in her frame of loose, bright hair, which had become disordered and tossed about the pillow.

Nevertheless, Mr. Payne was disconcerted. He had never thought of the cabin being a lady's, it being on the port side of the ship, where most of the men were berthed. The fact was that, as Signa insisted on having a cabin for herself and one for Lady Jane, the Chief Steward had been forced to put them on the working side in his effort to oblige her. Signa did not mind at all. The noise disturbed her no more than the light.

Mr. Payne stepped lightly across the cabin, after an instant's hesitation, and switched off the light. There was still sufficient reflection from the alley-way to show him Signa's angelic appearance as he turned to leave the cabin. She stirred a little in her sleep, and smiled. Mr. Payne pulled himself up with a start, and, lifting the curtain with cat-like deftness, withdrew more quietly than he had come. When the Quartermaster returned, breathless, from his peace-providing errand, he found the Officer waiting a few steps further on.

"There is nothing wrong in the next alley-way—I have looked," he said, quietly. "What was all the row about, Quartermaster?"

"It was them boys, sir! Master Humphries and Master Snell. Got pillow-fighting. Wanted me to join, sir!" The sailor grinned sympathetically. He was a jolly old fellow, and a favourite amongst the younger portion of the passengers.

"Oh! Well, I hope you quieted them."

"Oh yes, sir—chevied 'em into their berths and made 'em promise to stop there. I think we're through for to-night, Mr. Payne."

"Very well. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

Lady Jane and Signa were on their way to Africa for the sake of

the voyage. When Signa had recovered sufficiently to get about again, after the sleighing accident that had laid her up, the doctor in Madeira had advised a complete change of scene—a long trip by sea, if possible—and poor Lady Jane, suppressing a shudder, booked in the next outward-bound ship that touched at Funchal. Captain Verney had gone back to England rather suddenly—he received letters summoning him home, as he explained to Lady Jane with an elaborate drawl. Signa said nothing—she was singularly quiet just then, and seemed listless and unlike herself. It was almost a relief to Lady Jane when, three days after they started for Africa, she missed Signa, and found her some hours later looking at the phosphorus with the most undesirable young man on board. He was going out to enlist in a Cape regiment, and his possessions consisted of a handsome face and his relations' devout hope that he would remain in Africa as long as possible. Lady Jane felt that his ineligibility was a hopeful sign of Signa's recovery. It was so much more natural to find her doing the very thing to harrow a chaperon's nerves, than sitting listlessly beside her hour after hour, with a novel out of the ship's library—which had been Signa's attitude hitherto.

The detrimental was almost as accomplished a flirt as Signa, and not likely to suffer more than a passing pang when they parted at Cape Town—at least, Signa says so. She was talking to him the very next afternoon in the fore-part of the ship, leaning over the rail under the bridge, when somebody came down the companion, and Signa caught sight of an immaculate white uniform. She turned, even while talking to the detrimental, to see if it was one of her devotees, but the smile dawning in her eyes died as quickly as it came.

"Oh!" she said. "It is only the Third Officer—go on, Mr. Murgatroyd!"

Mr. Murgatroyd went on with the account he was giving of a College escapade, stimulated by Signa's wicked chuckles of intense enjoyment, when he became aware that the white-clad figure had joined them. Leonard Payne was leaning against the rail beside Signa, looking down into the foc's'le below them. The story terminated briefly, and, for courtesy's sake, Murgatroyd remarked to Payne that the third-class passengers seemed to be enjoying their siesta.

"Yes, they generally spread themselves about the deck in the afternoons," said the Officer, carelessly. "Miss Churston, I think you said you wanted to go on the boat-deck?"

"Yes, I did; but I——"

"If you like to come, I'll show you round; but there's nothing much to see."

Of the three, Signa was the most astonished of all. The cause of Payne's offence in her eyes had been indifference to her attractions—he really did not seem to know that she was on board at all. And now——!

"Will you, really? That's awfully nice of you. Sure I'm not taking up your time? I thought you always went to sleep in the afternoon." Considering that Signa had not hesitated an instant in her own mind, the outward and visible semblance was admirably done.

Payne smiled, and turned to the ladder leading to the bridge. "This way," he said. "Let me go behind you and hold your skirt. All right, Somers!"

They passed the Officer on the Watch, and strolled up the sunny deck together.

"How delightful it is up here!" said Signa, as the boat rose and fell easily, with a motion as enjoyable as a thoroughbred's on the turf, and the wind lifted her hair away from her face. "How long may I stay?"

"Until you get tired of it. There is nothing to see, as I told you."

"But there is everything to enjoy!" said Signa, as he fetched a basket-chair for her from his own cabin. "Here, please! In the shade of the boat. I am growing so sunburnt that mother nearly weeps over my complexion. She is afraid I shall freckle!"

"I see no sign of it."

"Sure?" She lifted her face ingenuously, and the dimples challenged him.

"Look at my hands! See there—a tiny brown mark! I'm afraid it is a freckle!"

He took her hands in his—to look for the freckles, of course. "I can't see here, in the shadow," he said.

"I think it is a very good place for seeing," said Signa, sweetly.

"At all events, it is for being seen!" he retorted, drily. "We are in full view of the bridge."

"Well?"

"It isn't well. Do you know Somers?"

"Your Second Officer? Not much. He has a beard and a family—two things I cannot pass!"

Payne laughed as though he could not help it. "Do you know that you broke our regulations last night?" he said, rather suddenly.

"I dare say," retorted Signa, coolly. "I generally do. I never encountered a regulation yet that I did not break it, just to see whether it could be mended!"

"I mended it," he acknowledged.

"Ah! there it is, you see. It gave you something to do. I believe that was what I was born for—to break things and give other people employment in mending them."

"And yet it seems hard on the other people," he remarked, drily.

"It would be harder if they had no employment, depend upon it."

"I see. You are a benefactor to the universe! But did it ever strike you that the other people have to come after you, and take the broken bits that you have thrown aside?"

"And mend them—you forget that. The broken bits become something quite new, and all their own, and they really regard themselves as creators, owing to the mending process. And, anyhow," said Signa, with charming frankness, "I would rather feel myself a benefactor than the ugly thing that you hint—it is more comfortable, as I cannot change my nature. What was the regulation that I broke last night?"

"You left the electric-light on, and went to sleep."

She sat up and looked at him, her eyes translating.

"You *didn't* come into my cabin and turn it off!"

"I *did*! I have to go the round of the ship, you know, when I come off the Watch." His voice fell, from an emphasis equal to hers, to apology. He really thought that she was annoyed.

There was an instant's pause, and then Signa burst into a peal of laughter. "What fun!" she said. "I wish you had come earlier, though—I had been dying for someone to talk to. I hope I wasn't—"

"Indeed, you were not——!"

"—snoring?"

"You looked like an angel. Far more so"—he spoke slowly—"than you do at this moment!"

Signa looked down, pensively, at the hands lying in her lap. "What time was it?" she asked.

"Twelve o'clock, when I came off the bridge. I have an unfortunate Watch—eight to twelve—it takes all my evening."

"Yes."

"I sometimes go and smoke after twelve on the promenade-deck, when I don't feel inclined to turn in."

"Yes?"

"But there's no one there to talk to, and—it's very lonely."

"Yes!"

A plaintive voice on the other side of the deck-house was singing a scrap of a sea-song—

"They called the ship the *Fatalist*—

She lost a dozen men!

From bridge and rigging were they missed—

None knew the how or when.

But her swinging bows and her mainmast wist,

For they saw the death of ten!"

"I wish the sailors wouldn't sing gruesome songs!" said Signa. "What does it mean?"

"That the men were blown off the bridge in a gale, I suppose," he said, carelessly. "This ship loses her officers when it is very rough."

"How horrible! But this voyage is never rough after Madeira?"

"We come into the trade winds before we reach Africa. I have known dirty weather." He looked up and down the empty, sunny deck with the indifference of one in whose daily life danger must be regarded as a common factor.

The bugle sounded for tea. Signa rose and stood beside him.

"It is so dreadfully hot at night now," she remarked. "I never can sleep at first. You ought to let us have our beds up on deck, for the sake of fresh air."

"There is nothing to prevent your coming on deck—for the sake of fresh air," said the Third Officer.

"I have nothing but my pay!" remarked Leonard, discontentedly.

"The nicest men never have!" said Signa, with a sigh.

"I suppose that refers to Murgatroyd?"

"It would apply to him, certainly."

He gnawed the end of his moustache viciously. "I wish you wouldn't flirt with him!" he said, with the brutal outspokenness that nonplussed Signa far more than the most delicate management. She was delicate in her own methods; Payne was appallingly direct in his.

"Don't you think we might get into shelter under the bridge?" said Signa, diplomatically. "There seems half a gale blowing this morning."

"It's the trade wind I told you of. I suppose it was too rough for you last night?"

"N-no. The wind was only beginning to rise, but it was cooler, and I found I could go to sleep."

"I waited half-an-hour on deck!"

"There was a dance last night," confessed Signa, penitently. "They had the canvas up, and we danced on the second-class deck. And I was very tired at—at the usual time."

"Oh, I see!" He gave a short laugh. "So the toy-breaking has already begun. How many times did you dance with Murgatroyd?"

"You ask him!" said Signa, with a flash in her eyes. "I dare say he kept count—I didn't."

"By Jove! I have a mind to!"

"Don't take too much on yourself, Mr. Payne!"

He turned upon her with a certain bitter sadness. "I thought I was only within my rights!" he said. "I suppose that was another mistake?"

"Rights!" Signa dashed away from her wind-blown hair the spray which kept breaking over the bridge. "I hate people who talk about 'rights.' It is so *bourgeois*!"

"Thank you!—I am *bourgeois*, I suppose. It is left to the aristocracy to parcel themselves out in shares, like a Limited Company. In our lower degree we prefer to be sole owners of anything we possess!"

"I think you are very silly—and I don't know what you mean!"

"I mean that I won't go shares with Murgatroyd or any man!" said Payne, turning on his heel with a brief salute.

Signa remained in her sheltered corner under the bridge, tapping her foot impatiently against the wet deck. She had no intention of being managed; nevertheless, she liked the man who had just left her all the better because he would not be a toy to break or play with. Murgatroyd was nothing to her; Leonard Payne, at the moment, was a great deal. If Lady Jane had not been sea-sick in her cabin, and beyond caring about anything just then, she would have been an object of sincerest pity.

"There would be a dreadful fuss," said Signa to herself, "and Grandmamma would make two-thirds of it. I suppose we should be very poor—quite middle-class people, as he said. But—he wouldn't let me have my own way!" Her blood tingled a little. She had never before so seriously considered the fun of marrying against her family's wishes, and Payne's uncompromising behaviour weighed yet heavier in the scale of his favour.

"I think," said Signa, "I will not talk to Mr. Murgatroyd any more—at least, I will say I won't, and do my best about it." For she knew herself, and faced the probabilities with great honesty.

During the afternoon dog-watches, when the Fourth Officer was on the bridge, a steward hurried up to Payne's cabin and brought him a brief order from the Captain. The gale was still tossing the stately Liner to and fro like a cork, and one of the anchors had become loosened. Payne was told to go for'ard and see to it. As he passed his comrade on the bridge, young Jackson called to him—

"Look out what you are about, Payne! She's ducking right into the sea!"

Payne nodded. His face looked gloomy and reckless, as if he rather enjoyed the job.

It took him, for all his sea-legs, some minutes to fight his way up to the bows with the men told off to work under him. He had to shout his orders, and then it seemed to him that they were purposely bungling it. Neither he nor they could keep their feet for long, owing to the glassy deck, and the men worked sullenly, as if half-cowed. Payne watched them with a flash of comprehension. They wanted a lead. He took the matter into his own hands, and clambered out on the very rail, clinging on like a monkey. Some shame seemed to spur the men, and they followed exactly as he expected, answering the demand made upon them; but they jumped to their work five seconds too late. A heavy bulk of sea rose like a driven army with the wind labouring behind it, broke over the bows, and wiped out sight and sense for a moment. When the blinded sailors recovered themselves sufficiently to see, the boat had risen again and was riding over instead of through the next wave. But the Officer was no longer clinging to the rail.

The few passengers who had felt well enough to go down to tea in the saloon sprang to their feet, staring at each other. For the boat had stopped. She still heaved restlessly in the gale, and seemed to be driven backwards rather than remaining where she was. Then the engines were put full-speed astern, and she was going backwards in reality.

There was some confusion as the passengers struggled up on deck, and at first no one could get more details than the ominous words of "Man overboard." Then a passing steward answered an anxious inquiry—

"It's the Third Officer, sir! He went for'ard to look to the anchor—he's blown over!" The man's face was deathly.

Signa was standing by the deck-house, clinging to the rail. She gave a suppressed cry, and appealed to the man nearest her—

"Have they put back? Won't they pick him up?"

"Impossible in this sea! He must be drowned half-a-dozen times over. There, they are giving it up—we are going ahead again."

"Won't you come down to the saloon again, Miss Churston?" a concerned passenger said to her. "You look so white! I am afraid this has upset you. Poor fellow! What a terrible tragedy to spoil a pleasant voyage!"

"Lucky thing he wasn't a married man!" added another.

But Signa took no comfort. "There is a curse on me!" she whispered to herself with white lips. Down the slippery deck came the sound of men singing, as they helped to work the buffeted ship. The gale brought the voices, in fitful snatches, to the ears of the white-faced girl clinging to the deck-house—

"They called the ship the *Fatalist*—

She lost a dozen men!

From bridge and rigging were they missed—

None knew the how or when."

Then a gust caught the lines and drifted them in fragments down the deck—

"Her swinging bows . . .

They saw the death . . . !"

THE END.

SOME BALL-ROOM TYPES: PARTNERS WE HAVE ALL MET.



VI.—THE SITTER-OUT, AND THE SYMPATHETIC.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.



NEIGHBOUR: Wol's 'e bin up to now, Mrs. Scroggins?

MRS. SCROGGINS Oh, 'e ain't dun nuthin' actual thees marnen; but 'tis early yet, an' ye never can tell.

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. ROBERT VERNON HARCOURT, a son of that famous statesman the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and a grandson of John Lothrop Motley, the historian of "The Dutch Republic," who makes his début as a dramatist on Monday next at Bournemouth, where his play, "An Angel Unawares," is to be produced by Miss Fanny Brough, is, dramatically, Mr. Bernard Shaw's godson. It is "G. B. S." who has incited and spurred him

Mr. Courtice Pounds.



MR. COURTICE POUNDS AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: THE POPULAR ACTOR AND SINGER IN "FRITZ."

To the numerous "big names" that have appeared on its bills, the London Coliseum has now added that of the popular actor and singer, Mr. Courtice Pounds, who is appearing in a "Swiss Musical Episode," entitled "Fritz." Mr. Courtice Pounds, by the way, has a part in "The Blue Moon," which is to be produced at the Lyric, probably on the last Saturday in August. In this he will be seen as a musical enthusiast.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

on to write plays, and from the elder dramatist the younger has received many valuable hints and much good advice.

There is a dramatic fitness in Miss Fanny Brough producing Mr. Vernon Harcourt's play, for it was her remarkable performance in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in 1902 which was the starting-point of his play-writing. Owing to the refusal of the Lord Chamberlain's Department to license that work for regular performances, it was produced by the Stage Society for two matinées, by private subscription. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, in the naïve exuberance of youth—he was not twenty-five at the time—suggested to the author, in the presence of the actress, that he should write her a nice, wholesome play in which she could appeal to a less carefully selected audience. It is, perhaps, needless to say that Mr. Shaw refused to do anything of the kind. He, however, suggested in his turn that, if Mr. Vernon Harcourt had an affection for that kind of literature, he might concoct it for himself without much difficulty. "An Angel Unawares" is the result of this suggestion. It will be produced for a short provincial tour, with Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham to follow Bournemouth, while, should it fulfil the expectations entertained of it, a London production will be arranged in due course.

The comedy, which is in four Acts, and is conducted by only "six persons"—without prejudice to Oliver Wendell Holmes or Mr. Zangwill—is essentially a play of manners, for it depends for its effect on its dialogue and its characterisation rather than on its plot.

The announcement that Mr. Frederick Harrison has succeeded in securing the services of Mr. Charles Hawtrey is one which, naturally, is of interest not merely to the public, but to the theatrical world, for

that popular comedian's position at the head of the Company gives something more than an inkling of the trend of Mr. Harrison's thought as to the lines on which the Haymarket will be conducted under his sole management, and the sort of plays which will be produced. While Mr. Hawtrey's name has been of late, for the most part, associated with the Comedy and the Avenue, he will be no stranger to the Haymarket, for, it will be remembered, he acted there some years ago in "An Ideal Husband."

The appearance of the name of Mr. Sidney Bowkett on the play-bills of the Criterion, where his new comedy, "Lucky Miss Dean," is underlined for production on or about the 3rd of next month, may be regarded as the shadow cast by coming events, for his name will be seen elsewhere during the autumn. Mr. Frank Curzon has secured more than one of his plays, and they will be staged from time to time. Mr. Bowkett is, however, by no means unknown as a dramatist, and among his plays are "A Tight Corner," which was brought out at Terry's, and "The Marquis's Wife," which was acted in America by Miss Julia Arthur, who will be remembered as, at one time, a leading member of Sir Henry Irving's Company at the Lyceum, and by the late Mr. E. J. Henley, a brother of the famous author and critic.

With regard to the difference between the name of the heroine as spelt by *The Sketch* and the same name as given on the play-bills in front of the theatre and in the announcements which have appeared in the daily papers, it may be remarked that the title used on this page is the one which will be finally selected if the author has his way, for Mr. Bowkett believes in simplicity and directness rather than any appearance of striving for an effect at their cost.

The often-expressed desire for the early reappearance of Mr. John Hare in London will not be gratified for some time, for the popular actor starts a provincial tour in Blackpool on Sept. 11, and will remain

Mongongu (aged 18).

Amuriapi (aged 35).



Matuka (aged 23).

Bokane (aged 35).

Kuarko (aged 22).

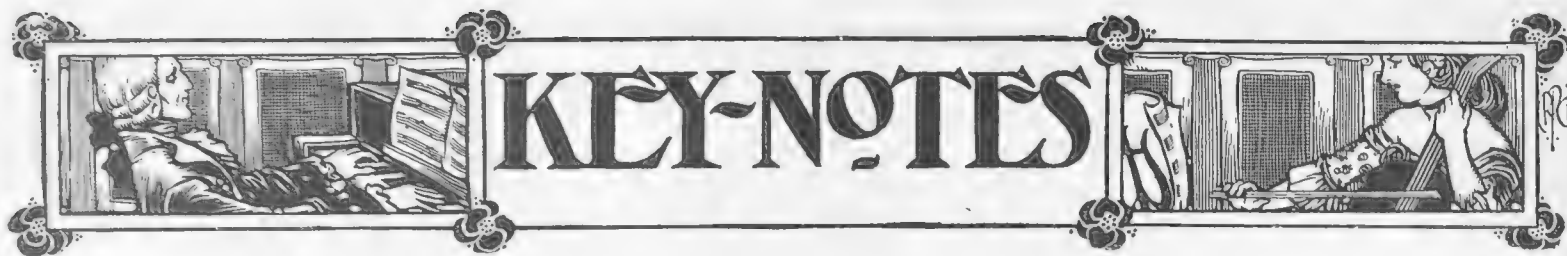
Mafutimanga (aged 22).

THE MOST POPULAR ACCESSORY OF FASHIONABLE GARDEN-PARTIES:
THE PIGMIES IN THEIR OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS.

The Pigmies brought from Africa by Colonel Harrison to perform at the London Hippodrome are now a popular feature of many fashionable garden-parties, at which they cause a good deal of interest and amusement. Quite recently they visited the House of Commons, and took tea on the Terrace; and they have also had the honour of giving a performance before Royalty.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

in the provinces until some time in November. Meanwhile, heedless of the attractions of the waning London Season and the delight his visits would give his many friends, he is spending a pleasant holiday at Overstrand, where he has a country-house.



THE conclusion of the Opera Season at the Waldorf Theatre leaves one still in doubt as to whether a future experiment in the same direction may or may not lead to a genuine success. We hear that such an experiment is to be made in the autumn; and, very naturally, one wishes the adventure all success. For Mr. Russell has been brave, and, despite opposition, he has conducted himself, as Kipling has it, "with a tight lip." A summary of works performed at the theatre is not so much to the point at the present moment; but Mr. Russell must know by now that there are certain schools of music which are not enjoyed by contemporary concert-goers—not because the works belonging to them do not contain tune and popular melodies, but because the idea of Italian Opera has disappeared from our musical life. We veritably believe that, to a large extent, this has become a matter of fashion.

Mr. Russell's singers acquitted themselves well, more or less. It was a pity, we thought, that the peculiar tendency towards *tremolo*, which displayed itself in the large majority of cases, does not really appeal to the musician. Mozart, as we all know, disliked it intensely. "I want you"—so he is reported to have said, in Jahn's *Life of the Master*—"to sing my notes, not to stroll round them." A witty saying—not even to be equalled by his retort to the Emperor of Austria, who said of "Don Giovanni" that there were too many notes in the score. "Not more, your Majesty," replied Mozart, "than the score needs."

Madame Elena Theodorini gave, a few days ago, at the Salle Erard, a vocal recital which attracted a large audience. It is a matter of considerable time since the present writer heard Madame Theodorini at Rome in "Les Huguenots." Her dramatic manner of singing—a point made so much of by Wagner—

was then regarded as wonderful; and she has since made a name for herself in various countries. She now teaches, so one learns, with great success. Mme. Theodorini cannot be said to possess a very pure voice. She, politely be it said, possesses super-tones: to the uninstructed it may be said that a supertone is a significant note quite outside the actual note which you strike upon the pianoforte, but which shows that the pianoforte can never be quite in tune.

"Don Giovanni" has again come to its rightful popularity at Covent Garden. When Richter said "Mozart has a future," he knew precisely how true

took the part of the Don excellently. One may have a personal opinion as to how this fine part should be played—no doubt, M. Maurel has his own opinion—but Signor Scotti sang well, acted well, and played Mozart's ideal of the *braggadocio* with swinging gestures and with much coolness.

Mr. Henry J. Wood will conduct an Autumn Season of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall from Aug. 19 to Oct. 27. This is good news, for to the general public of London there is no musical entertainment in the late months of the year so grateful and so reposeful. Reposeful is the right word, for, at the end of a long day, the coolness of Queen's Hall and the beauty of its environment in the auditorium gather together all sorts and conditions of men who desire to comfort themselves at the end of a long day's work by hearing the best sort of music.

It would be impossible to record here the full list of the artists engaged for the season. It suffices to say that twenty-three sopranos are upon the list; twelve contraltos, nine tenors, thirteen basses, eleven violinists, and sixteen pianists are also to appear at one time or another during the season. The solo-instruments will be played by a series of artists whose name is legion. One is glad to note among that legion the name of that master of the flute, Mr. Albert Fransella. In our own time Mr. Fransella stands in the front rank of flute-players. Among the organists engaged the name of Mr. Percy Pitt ranks very prominently.

The Naples San Carlo Opera Company are to have another season in London at Covent Garden during next autumn, this time under the direction of Mr. Frank Rendle and the Grand Opera Syndicate. The season will begin during the first week in October, and will extend for a period of eight weeks. Mr. Neil Forsyth will join Mr. Rendle in the management of the Opera, and the Company is to be of "exceptional strength," with full chorus and orchestra. The result will be looked for with great eagerness by all who are interested in London musical events.

We learn that Richard Strauss is engaged upon a new work which may or may not "eclipse the gaiety of nations." The explanation of the phrase lies in the simple fact that Strauss has often succeeded in perplexing those who do not follow the onward trend of music, and in annoying those who live upon memories of the past, preferring to live his own musical life, whatever the result. Whether the nations of the West, destined to hear the new work, will at once accept the score scarcely interferes with its future. Nearly every great work has been subjected to hostile criticism at the outset of its career. This is not by way of predicting immortality to the new work from the moment of its first performance; but Strauss has never disappointed the musicianly public, and it is not likely that he will do so now.

COMMON CHORD.



"UN BALLO IN MASCHERA" AT COVENT GARDEN: MADAME MAUD THECLA, WHO SANG AMELIA ON FRIDAY LAST.

Madame Maud Thecla made her debut at Covent Garden on Friday last in the rôle of Amelia in "Un Ballo in Maschera." She is the daughter of Mr. J. Bagley, of Boston, Mass. During the five years of her musical education in Paris her Professors were the late M. Vergnet, M. Jean de Reszke, and M. Juliani.

Photograph by Bassano.

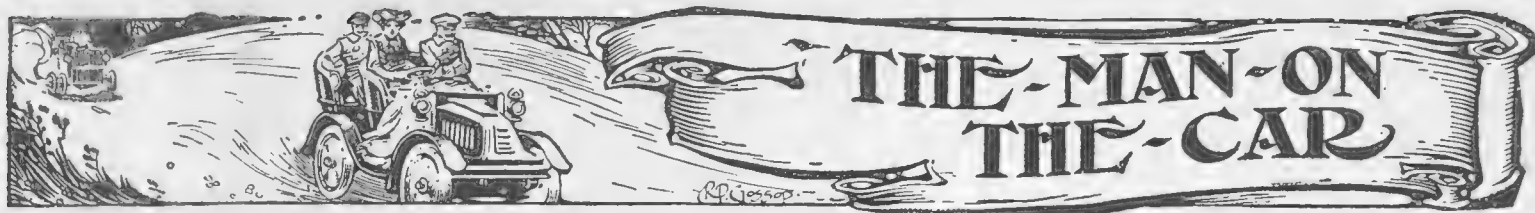
was his prophecy. The last performance during the present season of this wonderful, this ideal opera took place the other day at Covent Garden, on which occasion M. André Messager conducted with so intimate a feeling for every little detail that one became quite absorbed in the work of his band, apart from the actual vocal work upon the stage. Apropos of the vocal work, Signor Scotti



"UN BALLO IN MASCHERA" AT COVENT GARDEN: Mlle. OLITZKA, WHO SANG ULRICA ON FRIDAY LAST.

Mlle. Olitzka, the well-known Russian contralto, is no stranger to the operatic stage, and is equally at home on the concert platform and in Wagnerian opera. She made her first appearance at Covent Garden six or seven years ago, appearing as Elsa in "Lohengrin."

Photograph by Parischi, Artico, and Co.



THE MOTOR AND THE ART OF KEEPING COOL—THE SPYKER CAR AND DUST—FOREIGN OR HOME-BUILT CARS—2,000 CARS A YEAR—
SHOOTING AT MOTORISTS—ENGLISH MOTOR-BOATS—THE BRIGHTON RACE-MEET.

WITH the exception of an ice-house, a motor-car in motion is the only place in or upon which it is possible to keep cool during such torrid weather as that which obtained last week. On all hands, medical men are advising motoring for those adversely affected by the high temperatures. Though there is not a breath of wind, the car running between the fresh green hedgerows at anything over fifteen miles per hour creates a delightful breeze of its own, the refreshing effects of which must be experienced to be appreciated. The fair sex are finding it the one thing that braces them after the crushes of one evening and prepares them to sustain the fatigue of further Society functions. As a tonic, two or three hours' motoring is superior to any artificial form of reviver.

More on theoretical than on practical grounds, it has often been claimed that the car built somewhat high and with a clear under-run would make much less dust than the low-built car with crank-chamber, fly-wheel, gear-box, and silencer forming several irregular projections and pockets tending to create vortices and eddies not only beneath but in the rear. It has been left for the British Automobile Commercial Syndicate, whose Chairman is the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, to demonstrate that herein theory is borne out by practice, at least so far as the Spyker car is concerned. A few days ago, some experimental runs were made by several cars of different makes over a particularly dusty stretch of road near Dunstable, and it was noticed, on comparison, that when proceeding at fairly high speeds the Spyker car threw infinitely less dust than any other, and when running at some twenty miles per hour very little, or none at all; at least, nothing approaching the dust-cloud left by a carriage-and-pair travelling at from eight to ten miles per hour. The Spyker car is built rather high, and has a metal apron enclosing all the working parts and affording a clear run through to the air passing beneath the car. Also, the exhaust is caused to issue from the silencer by a horizontal, fan-shaped orifice.

It is not the objection on the part of intending purchasers of automobiles to ordering home-built cars that has sent up the total of French and German imports to this country to their present undesirable figures, but the inability of our native makers to keep pace in any way with the demand made upon them. When an Englishman makes up his mind to become the owner of a motor-car, he likes to go, money in hand, and buy right off the reel; and this he has not been able to do hitherto even from our largest manufacturers. Consequently, he has been thrown into the arms of the foreigner, whose agents on this side have generally been able to satisfy his cravings without an irritating delay. This, and not the

too frequently claimed superiority of foreign-made over home-made cars, has been at the bottom of the huge import of alien goods.

Some blame attaches to our own makers for their lack of foresight, but that reproach is, at all events, now purged by the Hozier Engineering Company, the makers of the famous Argyll cars, who are just about completing a huge new motor-works at Alexandria, which, when in full running, will give them facilities for an output of two thousand cars per annum. This factory started building only on April 10 last, and now the extensive machine-shop, with the initial engine and its lines of shafting, is practically complete.

The whole works, when complete, will have a floor-space of no less than eleven acres, the works being mainly of one-storey construction. The Company intend to care for their work-people in every possible way, housing them in model cottages at the lowest possible rents, providing them with library, recreation-grounds, &c.; indeed, the conditions for working and living will be as nearly ideal as possible. To turn out the best work, care is taken to get the best machines and keep them in order. How much more essential then, say they, to get good men and keep them in condition too! And they have reason!

Very properly, the Motor Union has taken proceedings against the sporting gentleman who, finding himself short of rabbits, rats, and such small deer, bethought him of trying his hand and his weapon upon the motorist as he flies, and has found himself in collision with the law in consequence. When our pastors and masters, particularly our pastors, or one of them, openly suggest the shooting of a certain section of the lieges, it is not remarkable that some more or less weak-minded people regard the exhortation in the light of an indulgence, and act accordingly.

The Motor Union's solicitor has been working in the matter, and the case is in safe and able hands.

If England is beaten on land, so far as motor-propelled carriages are concerned, she has, at least, proved that she can show the way on her natural element, the sea. The Napier success in the late Boulogne-Folkestone - Boulogne motor-boat race is particularly gratifying, seeing that the English boat beat the nearest Frenchman, *La Rapière*, by a considerable margin of time.

Brighton, the Queen of the South Coast, has shown

other watering-places just how to conduct a big motor race-meeting. The huge crowd of motorists and others attracted by the four days' sport must have reimbursed the expenditure of £4,000 necessary to turn the Marina into a perfect motor-path many times over. There is little doubt that the meeting will become an annual fixture.



THE NAVY'S FIRST MOTOR-BOAT: H.M.S. "KING EDWARD VII'S" MOTOR-BOAT, DRIVEN BY A BLUEJACKET, COMING INTO THE DOCKYARD AT BREST.

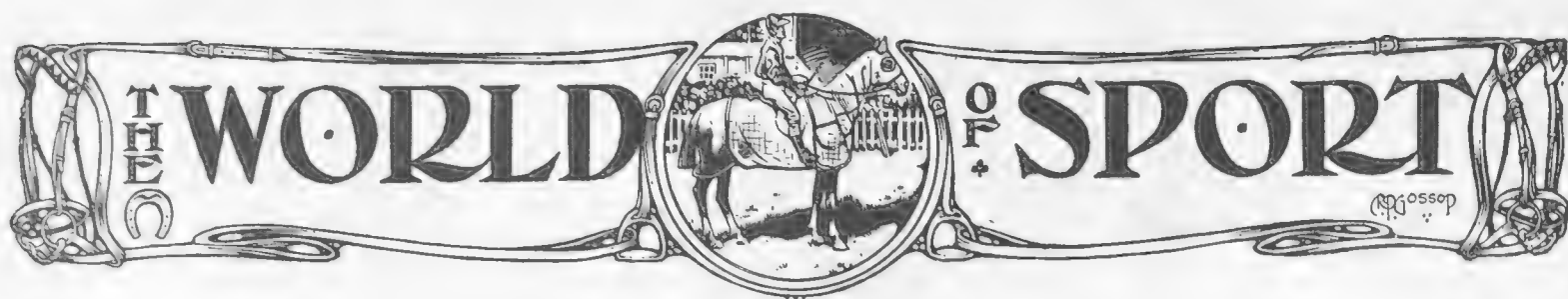
Photograph by Cribb.



AN ACTRESS WHO WAS ENTERED TO DRIVE A 90 HORSE-POWER MERCEDES AT THE BRIGHTON RACE-MEETING: MISS CLAUDIA LASELL ON HER CAR.

Miss Claudia Lasell, who was entered to drive a 90 horse-power Mercedes at the Brighton Automobile Race-Meeting, has been singing at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, for some time past, and is to tour in the title-role of "Peggy Machree" in the autumn. At the conclusion of that engagement she is to return to London to appear, under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman, in "La Petite Bohème." Miss Lasell owns a 60 horse-power Mercedes and a 20 horse-power Renault. In the races at Blackpool she is to drive a 120 horse-power Mercedes.

Photograph by Baker and Dixon.



JOHN PORTER—FUTURE EVENTS—KALGOORLIE—TELEPHONES.

THE retirement of John Porter, the Kingsclere trainer, is to take place at the end of the present racing-year. Mr. Porter is one of the best-known men on the Turf, and also one of the few trainers who have for a number of years enjoyed the patronage of His Majesty the King. It is quite a treat to see our King having a pleasant chat on the racecourse with his ex-trainer. Youth will be served at training as at other things, and I think Mr. Porter is well advised in seeking retirement. Kingsclere, Limited, has not been an unqualified success, as the horses have not been quite up to classic form; but the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Alington can be relied on to continue their patronage of the Turf, and I hope they will presently meet with better luck. John Porter is managing director of the Newbury Racecourse, which I think is bound to be a big success. The Kingsclere downs are among the best in England, and John Porter's record in the classic races is one to be envied by the younger generation of trainers. It was at the instigation of John Porter that Perdita II. was purchased by His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, for the Sandringham stud, and it should not be overlooked that, when His Majesty's racing stud was removed to Newmarket, Mr. Porter had the offer to migrate to the Metropolis of the Turf and have the charge of them, but he decided—and wisely, I think—not to leave the old house.

Seemingly, ante-post betting is a thing of the past. The bookmakers decline to stand up and be shot at, and backers prefer "S.-P." to the pinched prices offered beforehand against any horse that holds a chance of winning. It may not be generally known that the price against Raven's Ash for the Stewards' Cup before the weights appeared was only 12 to 1 on the Continental lists. I think he will go very close, and I like the paper chance of Helter-Skelter, who finished third last year. There should be a good race for the Liverpool Cup, and Chaucer, who will be the representative of the Hon. George Lambton's stable, should go very close. If Bachelor's Button is the chosen of Mr. Sol Joel, he should go very near to winning, as he will be ridden by Maher. But I shall go to the book for it, and the book says Whistling Crow. This horse has run well in three of his four races this year. He was third to His Majesty and Gower for the Hare Park Handicap at Newmarket, and should, in my opinion, at least have finished second. The meeting of Cicero and Cherry Lass in the St. Leger will be the feature of the autumn. The Oaks winner is doing well at Foxhill, and is much fancied by the followers of Robinson's stable; but I shall stand or fall by Cicero, who is a real plodder and should be well suited by the Town Moor track.

Kalgoorlie, in West Australia, is a town that did not exist ten years ago. It has now about thirty thousand inhabitants, electric-lights, trams, and a splendidly appointed racecourse, an excellent photograph of which has been sent to me by Mr. Gerald M. Browne, one of the Committee of the Kalgoorlie Racing Club, which can give many points to similar institutions in England. For example, they have a large clock in electric communication with every "gate," and each race is timed in front of the public. The Committee cultivate grass and English flowers, though water is very expensive and is brought from a very long distance. The course is situated upon land granted for the purpose by the Government, without shocking anybody, and the Club already has spent £50,000 upon the stands and enclosures. Its most profitable asset is the Totalisator. At one on the left of the building

devoted to that purpose the visitor can risk a sovereign to win a place, whilst on the right (that nearest the general public) the tickets are only ten shillings each. At Kalgoorlie there are not only ordinary luncheon-rooms, but rooms devoted solely to ladies, where they may take lunch, and a kiosk at which they may obtain tea. There is also a public telephone at Kalgoorlie; though even at Ascot or Goodwood it would be difficult for a mere journalist to find such a thing, despite the fact that the agencies use one.



THE SPORT OF KINGS IN WEST AUSTRALIA: THE KALGOORLIE RACECOURSE.

Ten years ago Kalgoorlie did not exist. Now it has 30,000 inhabitants, electric-lights, trams, and the splendidly appointed racecourse here illustrated. The Kalgoorlie Racing Club takes good care of its property, works it on ultra-modern lines, and has spent some £50,000 upon the stands and enclosures. The course is situated on land granted for the purpose by the Government.

events will be conveyed to the evening-paper offices by telephone. The old-fashioned methods of telegraphing are effete. Take the description of a race. It has to be transmitted to the General Post Office, copied by some young lady, then checked by an inspector, put into an envelope, and blown up the tube to a City post-office. The trouble then begins, for the message has to be delivered by some boy, who evidently does not know the importance attaching to its contents, with the result that, if a lucky patch has been struck, the long-looked-for description reaches its destination about an hour after the decision of the race, and quite half-an-hour after the interest in the event has, so to speak, burnt itself out. Now, by the aid of the telephone, it would be possible to get all necessary details five minutes at the most after the decision of any race; but I am told that the Post Office people have not the wires to spare at some of the meetings. Indeed, I have heard that no trunk-line from Ascot to London was available during the Royal Meeting. Was this because the ordinary telegraph-messages should not be beaten? If so, that was checking enterprise with a vengeance.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

OF town in July dog-days it may be said without exaggeration that there are pleasanter places, and when one hears exuberant country cousins just up for the Season-end sales exclaim about the beautiful weather, and "what a lovely day," and that sort of thing, one's cup of bitterness brims high to think that sunshiny days should be wasted between brick walls and on melting pavements of asphalt. Small wonder that the motor should have taught us town-folk to fly far past hedges and along highways from the ugly realism of stucco and wood-pavement. As it is, the exodus which began quite early in July increases in volume daily, and those inevitable reminders of holiday-time, the luggage-laden railway-omnibus and four-wheeler, contest every inch of the streets with carriages and motors equally on departure and pleasure bent. There is a certain fascination, too, in preparing the modern substitute for srip and staff, with all the excitement of exploration and variety ahead that the purchase of clothes at other times fails to bring forth. The travelling-gown, the motor-cap, the bathing-peignoir, the heelless yachting-shoe one buys with a certain exhilaration that never attaches to the more ordinary commerce of costume. At the sales, which have been more than ever crowded this month, really "stupendous bargains," to use the draper's efflorescent oratory, have been going, and one only wonders with gasps at each freshly viewed "bargain"

called the Gallic cabby, settles his glazed hat firmly and thunders all day at a hand-gallop over cobble-stones to the Gare. But is the *vrai Parisien* ever happy in the country? Echo answers, "Certainly." For the first week he interests himself in new surroundings; but



FOR THE YACHTING SEASON.

how women can possibly hope to wear all they have bought, even if the year had twice its number of days and seasons.

Parisians, too, are flying from their beloved Lutetia and settling down *en villégiature* for the autumn months. Trunks are piled high, and "Monsieur le Cochon," as the elderly lady of feeble French



[Copyright.]

WHITE EMBROIDERY AND SILK.

in the second a restlessness is perceptible, which increases in jerks as your true boulevardier reflects on his beloved capital, with its weddings, fashionable funerals, *premières*, and the thousand-and-one Arabian Nights' entertainment of that astonishing city. Then the sun no longer shines, but scorches; where he pictured bees droning in rose-laden gardens, he also finds the active mosquito, the tireless moth. The roads are undeniably dusty, the motors unblushingly noisy, rampant, smelly—and, in a word, the boulevards are beckoning him, and he responds with a fervour of impatient longing unknown and incomprehensible to the less gay, less leisured, and phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon. *Enfin!* He resumes his return journey with spirits of the gayest and a joyful heart. But next summer the same thing will occur. Because his friends leave this so dear town, so—what will you?—must he. They all go cheerily, but rush back joyfully, and more than ever does one understand that your true Parisian is not for the countryside or sea, but that beautiful, bewildering Bacchante who sits by the Seine and sets the fashion to the world.

Talking of fashions, women are having their tiaras re-set in the old classic garland shape to go around the head, instead of the crown-shaped diadems of the past few years. The style is eminently becoming to those with features, *bien entendu*, but the others without a profile had better rest content with their present possessions. The Queen has set the fashion in this, just as the late Queen did in the matter of tiny, all-round diamond crowns, and has constantly worn her beautiful garland of diamond-leaves, which reaches right round the head, with a large diamond rose in front, this Season. Only those who see diamonds and white hair in juxtaposition realise how charming the effect is together. Mrs. Arthur Wilson and Mrs. Hall Walker are

examples. Both have hair and diamonds magnificently white *en suite*, which have been in admired evidence at parties this Season, as well as at the Opera.

Hot weather, generally speaking, brings two unfailing reminders of our fallible nature, one being a thirst and the other a liver. To assuage the former seems then the immediate business of life, while to ill-treat the latter seems the normal. In discovering that the Englishman's castle may be also a private manufactory for the most delicious drinks, one is spreading knowledge of a truly practical not to say pleasant character. The new Sparklet Syphon, as a medium for evolving fizziness out of anything, whether water or wine, is incomparable. By the simple aid of carbonic-acid gas and a Sparklet Syphon one can aerate red or white wine, not to mention the fact that water can be easily converted into seltzer, soda, Lithia, Vichy, or Carlsbad, according to the sparklet used. The Sparklet Syphon is absurdly cheap, costing only two shillings nickelled or five shillings silver-plated, and, besides adding to one's comfort in being able to aerate any liquid, also enormously decreases the annual outlay in syphons, while the cost and upkeep of the Sparklet Syphon are purely nominal.

As people of all sorts and conditions are very responsive to the prospect of getting something nice for nothing, it will interest some readers to know that the makers of St. Ivel Cheese, Aplin and Barrett, of Yeovil, are giving free a pretty cheese-dish of artistic, unglazed china in return for twenty-four coupons, which can be obtained when buying St. Ivel Cheese or St. Ivel Veal-and-Ham Pies. As an evidence of the popularity these capital little cheeses have attained, they are now being supplied to the House of Lords, and that our hereditary legislators know a good thing when they meet it is thus quite removed from regions of doubt.

The neat and workmanlike blue serge appearing on our pages this week is amongst the new models for Cowes, and is particularly effective, with its cuffs and collar of white cloth lined with gold braid and bound with dark-blue silk, the white hat and parasol giving the necessary touch of lightness to the whole. Extremely *chic* and seasonable, too, is the frock of English embroidery, in pure white; the skirt, long coat, and waist being outlined in pale-mauve ribbon, a white hat with pink and mauve roses crowning the whole.

Recent revelations as to the horrors of adulterated food have so alarmed the astonished public that "the simple life" and "back to the land" appeal more than ever to the victim of the rapacious and peccant tradesman. For the comfort of those with a sweet tooth, it may, however, be confided that a really reliable sugar has been discovered in the "Glebe" brand, which is manufactured in Greenock and is guaranteed free from beet and chemicals. All kinds of sugars of this name and make are obtainable from any grocer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMERICAN.—You should find a noticeable difference in the summer price of furs, and the present is certainly a good time to buy chinchilla, as the price will very probably be higher than ever this winter.

ELFRIDA (Dublin).—Yes, very fashionable. The long ear-rings are coming in, but at present are only worn by the very modish—and the very exalted who have disdained to change the settings of old family-jewels and now find them coming into favour again.

PINCE-NEZ (York).—The hotel you name is the best and most expensive, but there are others where you can get taken for twelve francs.

SYBIL.

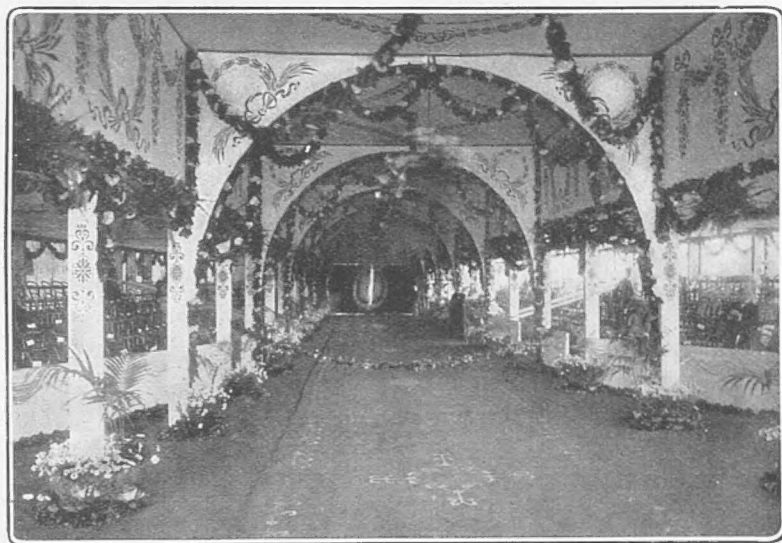
Those holiday-makers who are turning their thoughts towards South Wales should lose no time in securing a copy of "The Country of Castles," an excellent illustrated hand-book issued by the Great Western Railway Company. Much useful information will be found in it, together with an excellent map of the South Wales section of the Company's line.

Those who suffer from a superabundance of flesh may find relief in the harmless cure which is provided by the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand. They claim that by perfectly natural means they can reduce the weight of the subject by from eight ounces to three pounds within a day and a night of taking the first dose. There is nothing at all violent in the treatment, the cure is permanent, and the general health of the patient is improved. The ingredients are purely herbal, the effect is tonic, and those who fear drastic measures may resort to this remedy with the utmost confidence.

HOLIDAY RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE holidays in general and the approaching August Bank Holiday in particular are now engaging the attention of all the big Railway Companies. For the August holiday, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announces special excursion tickets to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by the 2.20 from Charing Cross on the 3rd, 4th, and 6th of August, and by the 10 a.m. and the 2.50 p.m. from the same station on the 5th. Cheap tickets will also be issued by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m. each evening from August 3rd to the 6th, via Dover and Calais. Passengers by these trains can return to Paris by the 2.40 p.m. via Boulogne, or the 8.40 p.m. via Calais, any day within fourteen days. Numerous other cheap excursions will be run to places on the Continent, notably to Boulogne, Calais, Brussels, and Amsterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, and other Dutch towns. The home arrangements are equally thorough, and include special trips to most of the seaside towns reached by the line. Full particulars are given in the Company's special programme and bills.

The Great Northern and North-Eastern Railways advertise cheap fares and fast trains to the districts "Twixt Humber and Tweed"; that is to say, to many places boasting splendid cliffs and sands, bracing moors, and lovely dales. By the Company's trains, the journey between King's Cross and Newcastle is reduced to five hours twelve minutes. Harrogate is reached in four hours, Saltburn in six hours, Scarborough in five hours, and Bridlington in five hours.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO MANCHESTER: THE CENTRAL PATHWAY TO THE ROYAL PAVILION USED BY THE KING AND QUEEN FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW DOCK.

The Royal Pavilion in which His Majesty inaugurated the new dock of the Manchester Ship Canal accommodated between five hundred and six hundred guests, and was constructed by Messrs. Waring and Gillow's Manchester branch. The effect of the decoration and the floral display combined called forth the express approval of their Majesties, and, at the Queen's particular request, two baskets of mauve orchids which had a place on the dais-table were sent to her at Knowsley Hall.

The London and South-Western Railway Company offers facilities to travellers in this country and abroad, and has again arranged an excellent series of greatly accelerated excursions, as well as additional and late trains in connection with the August Bank Holiday. A number of the best resorts on the South and South-West Coasts are reached by the Company's lines, as are also the lovely Surrey hills, the beautiful Highlands of Hants and Wilts, and the hills, valleys, and wild moors of the West Country. For travellers abroad, Paris, Normandy, Brittany, etc., may be reached both cheaply and in comfort. A postcard to Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, will bring a programme detailing the arrangements.

The Midland Railway Company has just inaugurated a new service between Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, and other towns in the North and Midlands to Folkestone, Deal, Dover, and other points on the South-East Coast, via Hendon and Herne Hill, whereby the inconvenience of changing in London is avoided. At the same time, the service between the Midland and London and South-Western systems (Southampton, Portland, &c.) was put into operation. The Midland Company has also opened a new steamship route between Heysham and Belfast, and has acquired the Northern Counties (Ireland) Railway, by which it is enabled to give extra facilities for visiting the resorts on the coasts of Antrim, Derry, and Donegal. Special arrangements have been made for visitors to Scotland and to the Isle of Man.

The London and North-Western and Caledonian Railways announce additional trains between London, Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool, and Manchester to Glasgow (Central). A special train will leave Euston at 6.20 p.m. up to Aug. 14, with the exception of Saturday and Sunday nights, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages to all parts of Scotland. A carriage for dogs will be attached to this train. Further particulars can be had in the Company's time-tables, guides, and notices.

The Great Northern Railway Company announces trains which, starting from King's Cross, reach Harrogate in four hours. On certain of the trains dining-cars are provided, and on others through carriages.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company will run special trains for the Goodwood Races, to Portsmouth, South-sea, the Isle of Wight, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, and other seaside places; and also special excursions for the Bank Holiday to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on August 14.

HEAVY MARKETS.

BEFORE these lines are in our readers' hands, they will know whether there is likely to be a General Election in the autumn or not; but, as we write, the fear of such a contingency has added to the general stagnation, for, of all things the Stock Exchange would abominate, a General Election at the beginning of October is about the most abominable. Things may be dull and business very

months than was the case a year ago. The market for Home Rails, so far from being encouraged, has shrunk into a narrower dullness by reason of the dividends, and we fear that cheaper money and peace in the Extreme East will be likely to pass over Home Rails if a general revival sets in round the House. What strength now prevails is largely due to the bear-accounts open, and this adventitious aid will, in all likelihood, vanish after the stocks are quoted ex-dividend, and proprietors who have been only waiting for their dividends before they sell hasten to realise their stock. Indications point to Home Rails receding again to a $3\frac{3}{4}$ to 4 per cent. interest basis, and this means a further shrinkage in values unless the dividends to come happen to turn out much more favourably than can be anticipated from the published receipts.

AMERICAN ANTICIPATIONS.

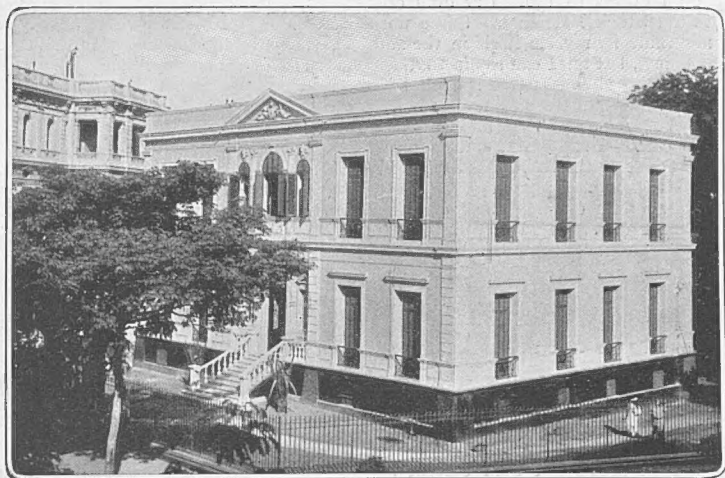
Whereas the Home Railway Companies did badly in the first half of 1905, American Railroad concerns had much better luck. Already the Baltimore and the Union undertakings have declared higher dividends, and estimates of something better than before are rife in the cases of Illinois Central, Milwaukee, Louisville, and Pennsylvania. The fervent heat which laid New York prostrate last week exercised no such depressing effect upon the Wall Street market as might have been reasonably expected. Not even the fact that the Union Pacific announcement failed to come up to a general anticipation of some small bonus being declared was sufficient to depress Yankees more than a dollar or so. The strength displayed by this market at a time of adverse circumstances is worth noticing, and affords a fair basis for the argument that Yankees will not fall much at present, although there may be some slight set-back before the autumn animation begins. August is a very slack month in the Stock Exchanges on both sides of the pond, and Capel Court has a nineteen-day account, embracing the Bank Holiday, to act as a restraint upon business originating over here. Nobody likes to go holiday-making with a large account open, and, with New York probably prostrated again by various heat-waves, it may be supposed that Americans will take a rest. On merits, as we have said before, it is very difficult to justify the prices at which Unions and some of the rubbish-shares stand; but merits go for so little in Yankees that to build bearish hopes upon the idea of the public refusing to buy Unions because the shares pay about $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the money is exceedingly ticklish work.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

They say that there are hotter places than the Stock Exchange. Members of the House may respectfully venture to doubt it. Judged by the thermometer, the Stock Exchange atmosphere may not be all I claim for it; but in point of *feeling*, show me, I ask, a warmer place outside the stoke-hole of a ship. That the temperature may have changed before this letter appears does not alter the fact that the clammy heat of this particular moment in this particular Stock Exchange Writing-Room is of the kind to which *Sketch* language is not applicable.

Writing practically on the eve of the Government's decision with regard to the General Election, it is not much use prophesying in regard to an event that will be settled on Monday night. Whatever happens, the course of true business has received another check. There is business about, one may admit, but confined to such narrow circles as to make a broker wish to take out policies of life insurance upon the few good clients to whom he can generally look for orders. Here is an idea for some of the more enterprising Insurance Companies, who might run it as a side-line to their forged-transfer policies. I am rather surprised that no office, so far as I am aware, is offering to do forged-transfer business upon such rates as are likely to appeal to members generally. The risks must be something infinitesimal,



THE BANK OF EGYPT: THE EXTERIOR OF THE CAIRO OFFICE.

scanty just now, but both jobbers and brokers have been buoyed up with the blessed hope of peace and a general revival towards the turn of the year, which a General Election will do much to spoil—or, at least, the Market men think so.

In no quarter of the Stock Exchange has there been any sign of activity, and the endeavours to dispose of many of the securities in pawn by the Mocatta firm have accentuated the position. It is said that the immediate cause of the stoppage was the impossibility of continuing a big loan on Ind, Coope securities, but, whatever may have been the actual reason for the default, it is certain that efforts to dispose of considerable blocks of Industrial securities have been made since the failure, and, in most cases, with poor results.

THE BANKING HALF-YEAR.

The speech of Sir Michael Hicks Beach at the half-yearly meeting of the London Joint Stock Bank emphasises what we have many times urged in these columns—namely, that it is, from a steady dividend point of view, advisable to purchase and hold the shares of those banks who not only do business in London, but have also a number of country branches.

When money is cheap and Stock Exchange business dull, the purely London banks have lean times, while institutions such as the London and County or the National and Provincial can find profitable employment for their funds in their huge country connections. The last ten years have repeatedly shown the wisdom of the London banks extending their field of operations. Of the larger concerns, the Joint Stock and the Westminster are almost the only ones which have hardly gone beyond the Metropolitan area, and they are the two whose dividends fluctuate most.

Sir Michael would say nothing about the rumours of amalgamation which have been so freely circulated about the institution over which he presides; but that negotiations have been afoot is an open secret, and that something will come of them in the near future we have little doubt. So far as London Banking is concerned, the last half-year has been lean, and the current one is not likely to be much better; but there is not much fear that the great concerns who combine money-lending in the provinces at 5 per cent. with short loans from account to account, bill-discounting, and other Metropolitan specialities, will feel the pinch, for, if they cannot employ their customers' current balances profitably in one direction, they can in another, while the chief curse of purely country banking, the difficulty of keeping assets liquid, does not afflict them to anything like the extent that it has always done the old-fashioned and purely local private banker.

HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

Judging from the dividend announcements and the reports that have already been issued by some of the Home Railway Companies, stockholders must be prepared to possess their souls in patience for some time yet before they can hope to see larger cheques each half-year. In the face of the published traffics, the results, perhaps, can hardly be called disappointing, and, to make the best of a poor case, the Great Eastern report shows that room still exists for effecting economies, and that certain of the Companies are able to take advantage of it. Yet the Brighton Railway's report is unsatisfactory in this respect, and Heavy lines' accounts are awaited with unusual interest, to see if the North-Western, Midland, Great Western, and North-Eastern were operating at a cheaper ratio for the last six



THE BANK OF EGYPT: THE INTERIOR OF THE CAIRO OFFICE

considering the vast amount of transfer work done every day, and if one of the big Insurance concerns started to cater for the business at really cheap rates, they would probably make an excellent thing out of it.

Having sorrowfully admitted on a good many occasions that Kaffirs were too high, may I venture to remark that the time may be coming before long when the tide will turn? Before that highly desirable event happens, prices are quite likely to go lower; in fact, I should say that they will probably droop further before the end of the autumn. After that, though, we may see a better complexion put on things. There has been a good deal of option money given by fairly knowing people for a call of Kaffirs to the end of September and the end of the year. Once the market does get upon its feet, it will take a lot of bear-selling to hold it,

and perhaps the time begins to approach when positions on the short side might be reduced with advantage. I maintain that the full fall has not been reached even yet, but the clever man no more expects to get in at the bottom than out at the top, and he may find that it will pay him to take this kindly caution of mine. (No other trumpeters need apply.)

Trunks, as I believe other and possibly greater authors have observed, are a funny market. That's the worst of having so many figures to deal with: they prove anything, everything, or nothing. You take your choice, and—probably—pay your differences; that is, if you have the money to do it with. The increase in the ranks of clients who can't or won't pay differences is something remarkable, putting it pleasantly. Gentlemen who want their business done for half-commission—expect the undivided attention of at least an authorised clerk, and consider themselves slighted if some representative of the firm does not stay until the last moment of the Street market in Yankees—these gentlemen are the first to forget their cheque-books upon uncomfortable pay-days. Sometimes they square up afterwards: sometimes they don't. Hence these liquidations, lawsuits, expensively acquired experience of human nature by the House.

That's what comes of talking of Trunks.

He is a dealer in the Stock Exchange, and he sings an excellent song. Accordingly, one evening, after a dinner at which he had done himself exceedingly well, the others had little difficulty in getting him to give them some music. One of the songs for which he is most famous is "Tom Bowling." On this occasion, something went wrong in the last verse, and he "cracked" on the high note. In the midst of the applause at the end of the song, he was heard to hoarsely mutter, "Damn those walnuts!" And his brethren have never let him forget it even unto this day.

Which also comes from talking about Trunks.

Whatever the dividend statement happens to be next month, the impression is very strong that Thirds and Ordinary will go better by the end of the year. The rumour runs that Speyers have been taking up immense chunks of Trunk Ordinary, but I have no means of verifying what may be merely a market rumour. The worst of Trunk Ordinary is that there is such a terrible lot of it, which practically precludes the chance of any dividend being paid on it for goodness only knows how long. Yet it is manifest that the stock has been steadily absorbed for a long time past, and I know from personal experience that Canadians are not afraid of putting their money into it.

Must the Chairman of the Stock Exchange Committee look to his seat if he desires to retain it? I wonder. The question presents itself because of the energetic way in which the small shareholder is being championed by a lively little gentleman, as able as he is eloquent, who is credited with designs upon the most important position that the Stock Exchange can offer. For the Chairman of the Committee bulks much more largely in the public eye than the Chairman of the Managers, and when the papers talk about a certain function being attended by the Chairman of the Stock Exchange, it is always Mr. J. K. J. Hichens to whom reference is made. My little, unnamed friend has, of course, every right to fly his falcon at whatever game he fancies, but some people would earnestly beg him not to overdo the advertising that the signature of long, signed letters to the papers is thought to be.

To buy for speculative investment, Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock looks a respectable risk, even at the present price. At one time, and that not long ago, it seemed as though the market were bound to break beneath the pressure of a bull-account unable to digest the stock it was then carrying. That phase, however, passed. The chief danger at the present time seems rather to lie in the possible refusal of the people with money to take up Argentine Rails after their rise. Dividends are the test-point in such markets as these, and if the Company can maintain 6 per cent. on its Deferred stock, then Rosey Ordinary is worth nearer 120 than 110. Another South American that offers excellent opportunities for a rise is Great Western Railway of

Brazil new Preference, which can be bought at a small fraction less than the old. These are £10 fully-paid shares and the price stands about 11½, showing a yield of nearly 5½ per cent. on the money. The line is doing very well, and there is a talk of the dividend on the Ordinary being increased to 7 per cent. Of course, one does not look for the gilt-edge when making 5 per cent. investments, but these Preference shares are as good as can be obtained in the silver-gilt-edged list. The flutter in Cordoba and Rosario Preference shares has come about because it is said that all the arrears of interest, amounting to 72 per cent., will be paid off in the autumn in a new 4 per cent. Second Preference stock. Naturally there have been no dealings in this last-named, but, as the line is understood to be earning sufficient to pay the full interest upon both First and Second Preferences, the price of the latter is roughly estimated at about 50. This would mean a bonus of £36 per cent. to holders of the 6 per cent. First Preference shares, which are of the nominal value of £100 each, and stand at 119. On paper, the shares look absurdly cheap, and as though absolutely compelled to jump at all events to 136. But even cricket is not more uncertain than a "dead cert." in the Stock Exchange. Some unsuspected nigger leaps from out a hedge: some miserable fly reveals itself in the amber. What the unexpected is in this case I do not know, but all I can say is that there is "always something," and those who enter upon this quite attractive speculation must be as open as Mr. Micawber to the chances of something turning up. I believe, by the way, that there is to be a smart rise in East Argentines before long.

Times come—I suppose it is the same in every occupation—when one would give worlds to flee from the Stock Exchange, its habits, associations, walls, and all that is connected with it. To flee to some entirely fresh pastures, just as one pines for an entirely new brand of cigars and cigarettes—anything to leave all knowledge of the House behind one. Just one plunge, clothes and all, where—

"Lethe, the river of oblivion rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain."

Perhaps anyone having a return-ticket to spare will be so kind as to address it to

Saturday, July 22, 1905.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OMEGA.—(1) The Anglo-Chilian are a good purchase. (2) The Land Company shares will, probably, get their current interest and, perhaps, a small instalment of arrears; but to clear the whole off is quite out of the question next October, or even next April.

ANXIOUS.—The Electric shares are a fair speculative investment, as the Company is said to be doing well. Beyond this we cannot go.

E. A.—We have answered both your letters, and only regret we could not give you more comfort.

ERIN.—It is not likely you will ever get anything out of the Diamond-mine whether you pay up or not.

AURIGA.—(1) The Hotel shares are a big speculation which we do not believe in. It all depends on whether the place does well and remains the fashion. (2) The Brewery will not have its prospects improved by the advent of a Liberal Government.

We are asked to state that a year's preference dividend on the shares of Hyam and Co., Limited, has been declared, and will be paid on the 31st inst.



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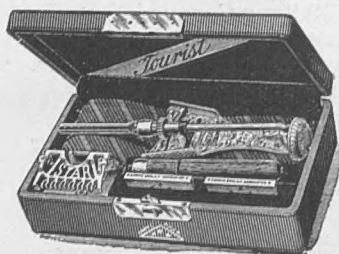
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